THE

SPLENDID VILLAGE,

&c. &c.

THE AUTHOR OF

CORN LAW RHYMES

THE

SPLENDID VILLAGE:

CORN LAW RHYMES;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

VOL. I.

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To

All who revere the Memory of

OUR SECOND LOCKE, JEREMY BENTHAM,

And advocate

The greatest happiness of the greatest number,

For the greatest length of time,

I inscribe these

CORN LAW RHYMES.

LOVE,

A POEM

By the Author of Corn Law Rhymes.

—

The remaining Copies of this Poem will be sold stitched at Two Shillings; it is beautifully printed in Octavo, and contains 128 pages.

"LOVE" is a sentimental and descriptive Poem, containing passages of touching beauty and pathos. It is the most equal of all Mr. Elliott's productions."—*Tait's Magazine.*

"Written in the manner and style of Crabbe."—*Beacon.*

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TO

HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

William the Fourth,

THE PATRIOTIC KING,

WHO,

By granting to his faithful people a new charter of Rights,

has secured, to unborn millions,

The means of National Prosperity,

and to himself their blessings upon his memory,

THIS POEM,

Presenting, it is believed, a true picture of that splendour

which is not happiness, nor the cause of it,

IS MOST HUMBLY, AND THANKFULLY

DEDICATED

BY HIS MAJESTY'S FREE, LOYAL,

AND DEVOTED SUBJECT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

If one third, at least, of the nominal value of all fixed property in England is unreal, have we not among us not a few little Grand Seigniors, who, like Lear in the play, "have pared themselves on both sides, and left nothing in the middle?"

Pardon us, Squire Mushroom!—For a quarter per cent. upon three farthings, we know, you would sacrifice the best hopes of the human race for ever:—but pray, are those fine houses your own?—They are, fellow, every brick!—So much the better for the money-lenders. But if you will deduct twenty-five per cent. from the cost price of the bricks, seventy per cent. from that of the wood, and thirty-five per cent. from that of the labour employed in the construction of those tax-mortgaged villas, you will see, in the remainder, one of the results of the uses to which the steam-engine of James Watt has been applied in this country; and, perhaps, you will then ask yourself whether that engine might not have been much better employed than in spinning taxes, paying for anti-jacobin wars, and beggaring ourselves to set up our neighbours? Whether such a power ought to remain in the hands of those who

have applied it to diabolical purposes, is a great question which the Giver of all Good, in his own good time, will answer.

When it shall be possible to go on a rail-road twenty miles to dinner, and return in two hours, who will give a thousand pounds for an acre of garden ground, merely because it happens to be situated within two miles of a large town? Or, when the Corn Laws, and similar insanities shall have destroyed our manufactures, what will be the value of a suburban villa, which, in the year 1831, cost three thousand pounds? Gentlemen Mortgagees! you can count ten on your fingers.

Is there *any* safe investment whatever for capital in this country, except land let on lease, and on which fine houses have been built by sages, who patronize taxes on bread, and other anti-profit laws? If there be not, why does Squire Grub call us the rabble?

If wheat, like cotton cloth, be a manufactured article, and if English cotton cloth can be bought nearly as cheap at Calcutta, as at Manchester, why might not Polish wheat be bought, with our manufactures quite as cheap at Hull as at Dantzic? And when wheat can be bought as cheap at Hull as at Dantzic, what will be the value of an acre of *tax-ploughed* land any where in Noodledom?

If the lands of England be mortgaged to the amount of one third of their nominal value, and if the nominal exceed the real value by one half, is not the monied interest, in fact, the landed?—and are not the landlords,

with a few ever-grown exceptions, mere tenants at will? If the landlords be mere tenants at will, why are a few middle-men,—sub-letters of farms, permitted by the proprietors, or by the State, to ruin a whole people? Are the mortgagees themselves ambitious of the glory of martyrdom in the holy cause of Big Beggar and Company? Thanes of the Splendid Village! the least of your insolvent gods is, in evil power, if not in purpose, more than a Guy Faux. Do not you furnish the gun-powder?—Listen to facts!

The city of Magdeburgh, which boasts a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, has a public garden of one hundred and twenty acres. This garden adjoins the walls of the city; and the land, which is some of the richest in Europe, with the river Elbe flowing through it, cost, planting included, four thousand pounds. The same quantity of land, very inferior in quality, could not be purchased at Sheffield, if at all, for twenty thousand pounds, unplanted! Now, what are the causes of this vast difference in the price of land at Magdeburgh, as compared with the price at Sheffield? The superior population and wealth of England cannot be the causes; for the population of Prussia is scarcely less dense than that of England; and though the Prussians are not blessed with Corn Laws, or with paupers, great or small, they are making scissors at four-pence a pair, equal to Sheffield scissors at one shilling! What connection then is there, between the comparative cheapness of land in densely-peopled Prussia, and the ability of the Prussians to under-sell us two hundred per cent.

in cutlery? If the fair price of wheat be forty shillings per quarter, and the forced price in England sixty shillings, do we not lose one quarter by the purchase of two, and is not the loss a direct premium paid by us to our rivals, for our own destruction?

Thanes of the Splendid Village! think of these things! If you have been engaged since you arrived at years of indiscretion, in patronizing ruin by act of parliament; if your whole lives have been spent in sapping the very foundations of society, wonder not, should the floor of the social edifice sink suddenly beneath your feet, and the roof descend on your heads in thunder! But if nothing less than the most horrible of catastrophes will satisfy you, persevere! You will soon find, that your grand epergne, plated with sham silver, is *not* the palaced pauper's magnificent plate, bought with our sweat and blood; and that your poney-killing cab, with its scientific wheels, the triumph of tory legislation, is *not* the coach and four, madly horsed by the bread-tax, to drag our domestic enemies down a precipice of their own making. If in your hearts you have always been identified with our oppressors, you should not have failed to tell them, after their battle of Waterloo, that, by converting our customers into rivals, they would probably become vagabonds on the king's highway, *literally* begging their bread: seeing, that a time would arrive when, if we could neither make a pair of fourpenny scissors for fourpence, nor continue to sell a pair of fourpenny scissors for a shilling, there would be laughter and weeping at strange tragi-come-

dies. We address not these words to you for our own sakes;—we want not your assistance;—we value not the thoughts of men whose thoughts are obsolete:—but we could not stand still, if we would; move we must, and we can move without, or with you;—perhaps, best without you. Still we respectfully beg leave to hint, that although your grand epergne is *only* plated, you really bought it with your own money; and that, but for the misdeeds of the Bashaws whom you have too long imitated and supported, that epergne would have been like the tankard of your honest ancestor—not plated, but massive and solid, as well as brilliant. Read, then our poem; a poem not base, not servile, yet, strange to say, altogether British.—Only in a sinking land, a land of taxation without representation, of castes and corn-bills, of degradation, cant, and misery; of wretched poor, and wretch-making rich; where destruction grows like a weed, and where capital and skill are alike profitless, could such a poem as, "The Splendid Village" have been written or conceived:—but if wars and taxation, Corn Laws, and restricted industry, the landlords and their victims, the degradation of our once noble peasantry, and the triumphant march of British capital, seeking profitable employment in foreign lands,—if these are now the Muses that inspire the poets of England, the fault rests with—whom? Not with the poet of trade and the rabble.

A few words more. An election is at hand;—the counties have been divided for the especial accommodation of the landlords. If they will act wisely and

honestly, we will advise our representatives to vote for a gradual extinction of the bread tax. But if they make a factious cry of the Corn Laws, we will ask them, in reply to their declaration of war, how many millions of acres of land they have stolen from the poor?—how many hundred millions sterling they have wrung from us in forced rents, since the battle of Waterloo? and other similar questions, which all their possessions could not answer. In the meantime, we suggest, that an immediate extinction of the bread tax which their imprudence could not fail to ensure, would convert them all into hawkers of farms, in less than two years: why should it not? But, perhaps, they will be diverted from making a factious cry of the Corn Laws, by a clamour for Pitt's incontrovertible ones. In that case, they will stay at home, or consent to receive in Paris fifty pounds for a hundred pound bill on England. If, however, they perservere, and succeed, by their factious cry, in giving a few years longer life to the Corn Laws, they will destroy the trade of England, and annihilate rent! They must then farm their own lands, and sell their wheat at Hanburgh or Amsterdam, for forty shillings per quarter, out of which they must pay twelve shillings per quarter expenses,—instead of obtaining for it, that, with a free trade, they might probably obtain, namely,—the average price of Europe, and the freight, and merchants' profit beside. Who will then be our landlords? Rather, who will keep their mortgagees? No matter—when we meet in the Workhouse—if Workhouse then will be,—we will talk to them about the grapery.

THE SPLENDID VILLAGE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part the First.

THE WANDERER RETURNED.

I.

YES, ye green Hills, that to my soul restore
The verdure which in happier days it wore!
And thou, glad stream, in whose deep waters lav'd
Fathers, whose children were not then enslav'd!
Yes, I have roam'd where Freedom's spirit fires
The stern descendants of self-exil'd sires;
Men, who transcend the herd of human kind.
A foot in stature, half a man in mind.
But tir'd, at length, I seek my native home,
Resolv'd no more in gorgeous wilds to roam;
Again I look on thee, thou loveliest stream!
And, seeming poor, am richer than I seem.
Too long in woods the forest-Arab ran,
A lonely, mateless, childless, homeless man;

Too long I pac'd the ocean and the wild,—
Clinging to Nature's breast, her petted child;
But only plough'd the seas, to sow the wind,
And chas'd the sun, to leave my soul behind.
But when hot youth's and manhood's pulses cool'd,
When pensive thought my failing spirit school'd,—
Lur'd by a vision which, where'er I rove,
Still haunts me with the blush of earliest love—
A vision, present still, by night, by day,
Which not Niagara's roar could chase away—
I left my palace, with its roof of sky,
To look again on Hannah's face, and die.
I saw, in thought, beyond the billow's roar,
My mother's grave—and then my tears ran o'er!
And then I wept for Hannah, wrong'd, yet true!
I could not—no—my wasted life renew;
But I could wiselier spend my wiser years,
And mix a smile with sinking vigour's tears.

II.

Sweet Village! where my early days were pass'd!
Though parted long, we meet—we meet at last!
Like friends, embrown'd by many a sun and wind,
Much chang'd in mien, but more in heart and mind.
Fair, after many years, thy fields appear
With joy beheld, but not without a tear.
I met thy little river miles before
I saw again my natal cottage door;

Unchang'd as truth, the river welcom'd home
The wanderer of the sea's heart-breaking foam;
But the chang'd cottage, like a time-tried friend,
Smote on my heart-strings, at my journey's end.
For now no lilies bloom the door beside;
The very houseleek on the roof hath died;
The window'd gable's ivy-bower is gone,
The rose departed from the porch of stone;
The pink, the violet, have fled away,
The polyanthus, and auricula!
And round my home, once bright with flowers, I found
Not one square yard,—one foot of garden ground.

III.

With gun in hand, and insolence of eye,
A sun-burn'd menial, as I came, drew nigh;
By might empower'd small felons to deter,
Constable, publican, and warrener.
He met me, muttering "I should know this tramp;"
He pass'd me, muttering "Vagabond," and "Scamp;"
And, as a beadle eyes a thief, he cast
A keen glance at the cottage, as he pass'd.
My brother dwelt within. 'Tis true, he took
My offer'd hand, but froze me with a look
So trouble-worn and lost, so hard yet dull,
That I shrank from him, though my heart was full;

I sought society, but stood alone,
I came to meet a man, and found a stone!
His wife, in tatters, watch'd the fireless grate;
Three boys sate near her, all in fierce debate,
And all in rags—but one constructing snares,
With which, at night, to choke Lord Borough's hares.
My sister Rose had parish pay, they said,
And Ann was sent abroad, and Jane was dead;
And these misfortunes laid my sire beside
The mother, who in better days had died.
Such welcome found the wanderer of the deep!
I had no words—I sobb'd, but could not weep.

IV

Well, here I am, resolv'd to view the land,
Inquire, and ponder,—hear, and understand.

V.

The cucking stool is gone, the stocks remain;
Why either? or not both? ye stocks, explain!
Chang'd scene! unchang'd yon frosted tower remains;
Beneath the hill, it peers o'er vales and plains,
And like a patriarch of the olden time,
Sees age around, but none like his sublime.
Ere yon huge house, with jail-like frown displac'd
The wild briar roses of the thymy waste,
There, near the church, the stocks, and cucking-stool,
Abode the sovereign of the village school.

A half-fac'd man, too timid for his trade,
And paid as timid men are ever paid;
He taught twelve pupils for six pounds a-year,
Made a consumption, and was buried here.
None said of him, he reap'd the crop he grew,
And liv'd by teaching what he never knew.
His school is gone, but still we have a school,
Kept by an ignoramus—not a fool;
For o'er his mansion, written large, we see
"Mister John Suckemwell's Academy;"
A boarding-school, where gentlemen are taught
To write fine copies, which the teacher wrote!
Behold the usher:—I behold and start!
For in his face I read a broken heart.
Servant of servants, brow-beat by a knave!
Why, for a coffin, labour like a slave?
Better break granite on the King's highway,
Than earn, with Porson's powers, a pauper's pay.
Why die to live? I know a wiser plan—
An easier too—black shoes, and be a man!

VI.

Village! thy butcher's son, the steward now,
Still bears the butcher on his burly brow.
Oft with his sire he deigns to ride and stare;
And who like them at market, or at fair?
King of the inn, he takes the highest place,
And carves the goose, and grimly growls the grace.

There, in the loud debate, with might—with might,
Still speaks he last, and conquers still the right;
Red as a lobster, vicious as his horse,
That, like its master, worships fraud and force,
And if the stranger 'scape its kick or bite,
Low'rs its vex'd ears, and screams for very spite.
" He hath enough, thank God, to wear and eat;
He gives no alms "—not ev'n his putrid meat;
" But keeps his cab, whips beggars from his door,
Votes for my Lord, and hates the thankless poor."

VII.

Hail, Sister Hills, that from each other hide,
With belts of evergreen, your mutual pride!
Here reigns in placid splendour Madam Grade,
Whose husband nobly made a plum in trade.
And yonder glitters Rapine's bilious slave,
The lucky footman of a palac'd knave ;—
Stern foe of learning, genius, press, and pen,
Who lauds all laws that ruin honest men.
Sublime in Satrap-imitating state,
She for her daughter seeks a titled mate ;
None other, not an angel, wing'd from Heav'n,
Could woo, or ask to woo, and be forgiv'n.
Too oft, perhaps, she calls her neighbour, " Scrub !"
Yet justly scorns the mean corruption-grub ;
For many a " ruptur'd Ogden " hath he wrong'd,
Long gloating on the captive's chain prolong'd.

He hates and apes her pomp, with upstart haste;
But what in him is pride, in her is taste.
She, queen-like, smiles; he, blustering, crams and treats,
And weighs his greatness by the trout he eats.
She never dogg'd a beggar from her lawn,
And he would hang all dogs that will not fawn.
Yet, Clerk of Taxes, Magistrate, and Squire,
Why to be Premier may not he aspire?—
But what is he, that haunts this upstart's door—
Yon fat good fellow, who detests the poor—
Yon mass of meanness, baseness, grease and bone—
Yon jolly soul, that weighs just eighteen stone?
Unmatch'd in quibble, great in If and But,
Sublime in cant, superlative in smut;
He jests, as none but British worthies can,
Laughs at despair, spurns, tramples fallen man;
Condemns misfortune for its wrongs and woe,
And bids his victim thank him for a blow.
Sworn friends are they, Squire Woolpack, and Squire Brush;
One is their creed—"Impoverish! torture! crush!"
Behold two models, unexcell'd on earth,
Of British wisdom, loyalty, and worth!

VIII.

Broad Beech! thyself a grove! five hundred years
Speak in thy voice, of bygone hopes and fears;

And mournfully—how mournfully !—the breeze
Sighs through thy boughs, and tells of cottages
That, happy once, beneath thy shadow gaz'd
On poor men's fields, which poor men's cattle graz'd !
Now, where three cotters and their children dwelt,
The lawyer's pomp alone is seen and felt ;
And the park-entrance of his acres three
Uncrops the ground which fed a family.
What then ? All see he is a man of state,
With his three acres, and his park-like gate !
Besides, in time, if times continue dark,
His neighbour's woes may buy his gate a park.
Oh, then, let trade wear chains, that toil may find
No harvests on the barren sea and wind ;
Nor glean, at home, the fields of every zone,
Nor make the valleys of all climes his own ;
But with the music of his hopeless sigh
Charm the blind worm that feeds on poverty !

IX.

Lo ! where the water-caster once abode,
The pinfold, erst his garden, skirts the road
His ample cot, erewhile not ample call'd,
Is now, with lath and lime partition, wall'd :
The humble dwelling of the leech divine
Makes six large styes for thirty human swine.
Oh, could he see what woes his house contains,
What wretched remnants cram its broken panes,

How would he swell with righteous rage, and ban
Ice-hearted Law's forc'd charity to man!
For warmer heart than his did never beat!
Dup'd by himself, yet hated he deceit;
And, pleas'd, he taught my boyhood how to draw
The woe-mark'd cowslip, and the thrush-lov'd haw;
And how to make sweet pictures of wild flowers,
Cull'd in lone lanes, when glow'd the sultry hours,
Then press'd, and dried, and all on lawn dispread,
To look as infants do, that smile when dead.
Learned he was: nor bird, nor insect flew,
But he its leafy home and history knew;
Nor wild-flower deck'd the rock, nor moss the well,
But he its name and qualities could tell.
Yes, he was learned—not with learning big,
Like yon budge doctor of the whip and wig,
Who writes in Latin, sucks the sick select,
Speaks in the Babylonish dialect,
And drives his pair. Great man, Sir!—all who thrive
Are cur'd of colds and cash, by Doctor Drive.
Behold his mansion, southward of the grove,
Complete with coach-house—piggery—alcove!
And, mark! the entrance hath an air of state—
Not copied from the lawyer's park-like gate!

X.

Two stone-throws from the Hall of Doctor Drive,
And from the village workhouse four or five,

Where the swung Turkey, with its plumage rough,
Welcomes all loyal men who drink enough,
The flying curate lodges—doom'd to say
Three well-known sermons every Sabbath-day.
His donkey, like a rat without a tail,
Cost fifty shillings, and o'er hill and dale
Bears his lean master, at a hunter's pace,
Duly as comes his weekly steeple-chase.
The rector—a queer plural, one and three,
Yet not quite singular in trilogy,—
Who, scandal says, is cousin to my lord,
Would pay him better, but he can't afford.
He lives, they say, in London, and so forth;
His country house is somewhere in the North.
Mine host much miss'd him when he left the lodge,
For fewer warrants summon Jem and Hodge.

XI.

Hail, ancient Inn! once kept by Margaret Rose,
Ere England's wrongs began, and labour's woes;
Inn of the happy village! where, of old,
Before the bright yule clog, my father told
His well-worn story of the wolf and child,
While—not at him—the tickled youngsters smil'd;
And sturdy peasants, and the annual guest,
Prais'd the stout ale, but thought their own was best.
When Margaret reign'd, no wanderer pass'd thy door,
Dame Margaret's heart felt ever for the poor;

And, well they knew, to homeless son or sire
She ne'er denied a seat beside the fire,
Nor curs'd away the widow, stooping low
Beneath the double weight of age and woe.
But times are chang'd, and alter'd is the inn,
For God is wroth, and Britain rife with sin.
The village, happy once, is splendid now!
And at the Turkey reigns, with knotted brow,
Stiff as a mile-stone, set up in his bar,
Vice-regal Constable and Bailiff, Marr,
Who nods his "yes," and frowns his fatal "no."
Woe to the scrimp that ventures near him, woe!
He, she, or it—"swag'snifle, skink, or trull,"
Shall find a bed, or Wakefield's gaol is full!
Great man, John Marr! He shoots—or who else may?
He knows my Lord, is loyal, and can pay.
The poor all hate him, fear him—all save one;
Broad Jem, the poacher, dreaded is by John.
To draw him drink, objects nor man nor maid;
The froth is brought, Jem winks, and John is paid;
For John, who hates all poachers, likes poor Jem,
While Jem, so kind to others, growls at him;
And when their fierce eyes meet, the tax-made slave
Quakes in his inmost soul, if soul he have,
Thinking of weasand slit by lantern light,
Or slug bang'd through him at the dead of night.
Yet great is he! rich, prudent, tried, and true:
He snores at sermon in his curtain'd pew—

He knows the Steward—he is known afar
To magistrates and bums—great man, John Marr!

XII.

Where yon red villa flares before the wood,
The cottage of my Hannah's father stood;
That woodbin'd cottage, girt with orchard trees,
Last left, and earliest found, by birds and bees:
And where the river winds, gnarled oaks between,
Squatter'd his drake, and diving ducks were seen;
While scooting hares oft sought this summit bare,
If lightning glinted through the glooming air.
But where dwells Hannah now? And where is he?—
Gone, like the home of her nativity.
And what vain dame, and what suburban Thane,
The site of Hannah's lovely home profane?
Who dash'd the plum-trees from the blossomy ridge?
From bank to bank, who threw the baby bridge,
Where the huge elm, which twenty bullocks drew,
Plank'd o'er with ash, and rootless, sternly grew,
While plumy ferns wept o'er the waters dark,
Sad for his fall; and, rooted in his bark,
A world of mosses forested the side
Of that fall'n forest-king, to soothe his pride?
What dandy Goth the heav'n-made arch displac'd,
To show in painted spars his want of taste?
A mortgag'd magnate and a sage is he:
His maxims have a deep philosophy.

" Hateful," he saith, " and vulgar is the flat,
Who deigns to see a poor man touch his hat,
Or serves a beggar, though her curtsey fall,
Or of the rabble does not take the wall."
Squire Grub is proud—for pride and meanness blam'd,
Yet poor as proud, and of his wants asham'd.
Lo, there he struts—the silk-legg'd King of Cant!
Who thanks the Blessed powers for crime and want,
Prays to his Demon of Despotic sway
And hymns his God of carnage! Let him pray!
Yes, pray for strength, or weakness, to sustain
The weight of scorn that will crush in his brain,
Ere from the workhouse, like a ghost, he go
To mate with madmen, in their den of woe,
And tell them that he is not poor—not he;—
But lord of vast estates—in Chancery.

XIII.

Path of the quiet fields! that oft of yore
Call'd me at morn, on Shenstone's page to pore;
Oh, poor man's footpath! where, at evening's close,
He stoop'd, to pluck the woodbine and the rose,
Shaking the dew-drops from the wild-briar bowers,
That stoop'd beneath their load of summer flowers,
Then ey'd the west, still bright with fading flame,
As whistling homeward by the wood he came;
Sweet, dewy, sunny, flowery foot-path, thou
Art gone for ever, like the poor man's cow!

No more the wandering townsman's sabbath smile—
No more the hedger, waiting on the stile
For tardy Jane—no more the muttering bard,
Startling the heifer, near the lone farm-yard—
No more the pious youth, with book in hand,
Spelling the words he fain would understand,
Shall bless thy mazes, when the village bell
Sounds o'er the river, soften'd up the dell:
But from the parlour of the loyal inn,
The Great Unpaid, who cannot err or sin,
Shall see, well pleas'd, the pomp of Lawyer Ridge,
And poor Squire Grub's starv'd maids, and dandy bridge,
Where youngling fishers, in the grassy lane,
Purloin'd their tackle from the broad-mare's name,—
And truant urchins, by the river's brink,
Caught the fledged throstle as it stoop'd to drink,—
Or with the ramping colt, all joyous, play'd,
Or scar'd the owlet in the blue-belled shade.

XIV.

Churl Jem! why dost thou thrust me from the wall?
I hack no cab, I sham no servant's hall;
Coarse is my coat:—how have I earn'd thy curse?
Suspect'st thou there is money in my purse?
I said, Good day, Sir, and I touch'd my hat:
Art thou, then, vulgar, as the Sage's flat?

Alas! that Sage sees not in thy fierce eyes
Fire-flooded towers, and pride, that shrieks and dies;
The red-foam'd deluge, and the sea-wide tomb;
The arm of vengeance, and the brow of doom;
The grin of millions o'er the shock of all—
A people's wreck, an empire's funeral!

Part the Second.

THE WANDERER DEPARTED.

I.

DEAR Village! changed, how changed from what thou wert!
Thy good to bane thy beggar-kings convert.
They say, that discontented with our lot,
We envy wealth, because we have it not;
That could we call yon glowing pile our own,
No wight alive would hear our tuneful groan.
They ask why writhes the serpent on our brow?
When prosper'd England as she prospers now?
They err. We envy not the pomp we see,
But hate that wealth which makes our poverty.
If talent thrive, and enterprize prevail,
Restore to rustic toil his beef and ale;
Be few, or many, splendid, as they can,
But let not misery make a fiend of man!

II.

Yes, splendid mansions now these shades adorn,
But wretched children in those huts are born!
There dwell the heirs of unremitting toil,
Who till, but not in hope, a teeming soil;
While Erin's hordes contest with them the plain,
And competition low'rs the price of pain.
What though proud homes their lofty roofs uprear,
If humble homes and comfort disappear?
Oh, baneful splendor! that but glitters o'er
What may be ruin, and is bliss no more!
As beacons fired on some far mountain's brow,
Shimmer o'er hamlets, black with plague, below,
Where health once glow'd in every fearless face,
And in the motions of all forms was grace,—
I look on pomp, that apes a bloated crew,
While beggar'd millions hate the biggen'd few.
Like rocks of ice our fatal wealth is found;
Not like the sea, that spreads those rocks around:
Hark! o'er their peaks a wild and bird-like wail
Tells of approaching thunder, fire and hail!
Lo! at their feet, while cold and bright they sleep,
Mines hunger's fathomless and boundless deep!

III.

east of the Village!—yearly held, when June
Sate with the rose, to hear the gold-spink's tune,

And lovers, happy as the warbling bird,
Breath'd raptures sweeter than the songs they heard,
Stealing through lanes, sun-bright with dewy broom,
By fragrant hedge-rows, sheeted o'er with bloom ;—
Feast of the happy Village! where art thou ?
Pshaw! thou wert vulgar—we are splendid now.
Yet, poor man's pudding !—rich with spicy crumbs,
And tiers of currants, thick as both my thumbs,—
Where art thou, festal pudding of our sires ?—
Gone, to feed fat the heirs of thieves and liars ;—
Gone, to oppress the wrong'd, the true, the brave,
And, wide and deep, dig Poland's second grave ;—
Gone, like the harvest pie, a bullock's load,
Four feet across, with crust six inches broad ;—
Gone, like poor England's Satrap-swallow'd store ;—
Gone, as her trade will go, to come no more!
Well, let it go, and with it the glad hours
That yearly o'er kind hearts shed cottage flowers.
Nor sisters' daughters now, nor sons of sons,
Shall seek the bridge, where still the river runs,
And bless the roof where busy hands prepar'd
The festal plenty which their fathers shar'd ;
When, round their grandsire met, his numerous race
Beheld their children's children in his face ;
Saw in his eyes the light of suns gone down,
And hoped they saw in his white locks their own.
No more, no more, beneath his smile serene,
The generations shall in joy convene,

All eager to obey the annual call,
And twang the cord of love that bound them all.

IV

When daisies blush, and windflowers wet with dew ;
When shady lanes with hyacinths are blue ;
When the elm blossoms o'er the brooding bird,
And, wild and wide, the plover's wail is heard,
Where melts the mist on mountains far away,
'Till morn is kindled into brightest day ;
No more the shouting youngsters shall convene,
To play at leap-frog on the village-green,
While lasses, ripening into love, admire,
And youth's first raptures cheer the gazing sire.
The Green is gone ! and barren splendours gleam,
Where hiss'd the gander at the passing team,
And the gay traveller from the city prais'd
The poor man's cow, and, weary, stopp'd and gaz'd.

V

Where yon broad mansion's tax-built drawing-room
Displays its cornic'd-gold, dwelt Mary Broom,—
(Close by the marble hearth her garden smil'd,)—
The widow'd mother of an only child.
I saw her to the house of marriage move,
And weeping o'er the grave of hope and love.
Now, where the woe-worn and the weary rest,
The child is sleeping on its mother's breast.

Not long she mourn'd in duty's lonely shade,—
No praise expecting—and she ask'd no aid,
But toil'd and faded silently, and stood
Alike unnotic'd by the bad and good,
Dropping meek tears into the sea of days,—
Like a pale flower, that, all unseen, displays
Its pensive beauty on a river's brink,
While overhead the stars rush wild and wink,
And shadows, cast on earth at night's bright noon,
Move with the clouds, that chase the full-orb'd moon.
Oh, happy! with her own proud crust supplied,
In her own bed, a Britoness she died!
In her own shroud her modest state she keeps!
In her own coffin, gloriously, she sleeps!—
Not thus the brother of her soul will die;
O'er him, poor pauper, none will heave a sigh;
No windflower, emblem of his youth, be laid,
To blush for promise in its bloom decay'd;
Nor, emblem of his age, and hopeless pain,
The dismal daisy of sad autumn's wane:
But workhouse idiots, and the limping slave,
In four rough boards shall bear him to his grave.

VI.

Where is the Common, once with blessings rich,—
The poor man's Common?—Like the poor man's flitch
And well-fed ham, which erst his means allow'd,
'Tis gone to bloat the idle and the proud!

To raise high rents ! and low'r low profits !—Oh,
To-morrow of the Furies ! thou art slow !
But where, thou tax-plough'd waste, is now the hind
Who lean'd on his own strength, his heart and mind ?
Where is the matron, with her busy brow ?
Their sheep, where are they ? and their famous cow ?
Their strutting game-cock, with his many queens ?
Their glowing hollyoaks, and winter greens ?
The chubby lad, that cheer'd them with his look,
And shar'd his breakfast with the home-bred rook ?
The blooming girls, that scour'd the snow-white pail,
Then wak'd with joy the echoes of the vale,
And, laden homewards, near the sparkling rill,
Cropp'd the first rose that blush'd beneath the hill ?
All vanish'd—with their rights, their hopes, their lands,
The shoulder-shaking grasp of hearts and hands,
The good old joke, applauded still as new;
The wond'rous printed tale, which must be true ;
And the stout ale, that show'd the matron's skill,
For, not to be improv'd, it mended still !
Now, lo ! the young look base, as grey-beard guile !
The very children seem afraid to smile !
But not afraid to scowl, with early hate,
At would-be greatness, or the greedy great ;
For they who fling the poor man's worth away,
Root out security, and plant dismay.
Law of the lawless ! hast thou conquer'd Heav'n ?
Then shall the worm that dies not be forgiv'n.

VII.

But yonder stalks the greatest man alive !
One farmer prospers now, where prosper'd five !
Ah ! where are they ?—wives, husbands, children, where ?—
Two died in gaol, and one is dying there ;
One broken-hearted, fills a rural grave ;
And one still lives, a pauper and a slave.
Where are their children ?—Some, beyond the main,
Convicts for crime ; some, here, in hopeless pain,
Poor wanderers, blue with want ; and some are dead,
And some, in towns, earn deathily their bread.
All rogues, they died, or fail'd—'twas no great harm ;
Why ask who fails, if Jolter gets a farm ?
Full well thrives he—the man is not a fool,
Albeit a tyrant, and his landlord's tool.
He courses ; he affords, and can afford,
To keep his blood, and fox-hunt with my lord.
He dwells where dwelt the knight, for greyhounds fam'd,
Who also with the Satrap cours'd and gam'd ;
The last of all the little landed Thanes,
Whose acres bound his lordship's wide domains.

VIII.

Oh, happy, if they knew their bliss, are they
Who, poor themselves, unbounded wealth survey ;

Who nor in ships, nor cabs, nor chariots go,
To view the miracles of art below;
But, near their homes, behold august abodes,
That like the temples seem of all the gods!
Nor err they, if they sometimes kneel in pray'r
At shrines like those, for God-like powers are there;
Powers, that on rail-roads base no treasures waste,
Nor build huge mills, that blush like brick at taste,
Where labour fifteen hours, for twice a groat,
The half-angelic heirs of speech and thought;
But pour profusion from a golden hand,
To deck with Grecian forms a Gothic land.
Hence, yeoman, hence!—thy grandsire's land resign;
Yield, peasant, to my lord and power divine!
Thy grange is gone, your cluster'd hovels fall;
Proud domes expand, the park extends its wall;
Then kennels rise, the massive Tuscan grows,
And dogs sublime, like couchant kings, repose!
Lo! "still all Greek and glorious" art is here!
Behold the pagod of a British Peer!
Admire, ye proud, and clap your hands, ye poor!
The father of this kingling was a boor!
Not Ispahan, nor Stamboul—though their thrones
Make Satraps out of dead men s blood and bones,
And play at death, as God-like power will play—
Can match free Britain's ancients of to-day.

IX.

But me nor palaces, nor Satraps please ;
I love to look on happy cottages :
The gems I seek are seen in Virtue's eye ;
These gauds disgust me, and I pass them by.
Shew me a home, like that I knew of old,
Ere heads grew hot with pride, and bosoms cold ;
Some frank good deeds, which simple truth may
praise,
Some moral grace, on which the heart may gaze,
Some little hopes, that give to toil its zest,
The equal rights, that make the labourer blest,
The smile in which Eternal Love we scan,
And thank his Maker, while we look on man.

X.

I dream'd last night, of forests and the sea !
My long-lost Hannah ! lives she still for me ?
Is she a matron, lov'd by him she loves ?
A mother, whom paternal Heav'n approves ?
Perchance a widow ? Nay, I would not wed
The widow of my rival's happier bed.
Nor come I to oppress her with my gaze,
Or bring disgrace upon her latter days.
Forgotten now, perchance, though once too dear,
I yet would sojourn near her—oh, not here !
For thou, sweet Village ! proud in thy decline,
Art too, too splendid for a heart like mine !

In England, then, can no green spot be found,
Where men remain whose sympathies are sound?—
There would I dwell, and wandering thence, draw nigh
Her envied home—but not to meet her eye:—
Perchance to see her shadow, or again
Hear her soft voice, with sadly-pleasing pain.

XI.

I dream'd I saw her, heard her—but she fled!
In vain I seek her—is she with the dead?
No meek blue eye, like hers, hath turn'd to me,
And deign'd to know the pilgrim of the sea.
I have not nam'd her—no—I dare not name!
When I would speak, why burns my cheek with shame?
I join'd the schoolboys, where the road is wide,
I watch'd the women to the fountain's side,
I read their faces, as the wise read books,
And look'd for Hannah in their wondering looks:
But in no living aspect could I trace
The sweet May-morning of my Hannah's face;
No, nor its evening, fading into night:—
Oh, Sun, my soul grows weary of thy light!

XII.

I sought the churchyard, where the lifeless lie,
And envied them,—they rest so peacefully.

" No wretch comes here, at dead of night," I said,
" To drag the weary from his hard-earn'd bed;
No schoolboys here with mournful relics play,
And kick 'the dome of thought' o'er common clay;
No city cur snarls here o'er dead men's bones;
No sordid fiend removes memorial stones:
The dead have here what to the dead belongs,
Though legislation makes not laws, but wrongs."
I sought a letter'd stone, on which my tears
Had fall'n like thunder-rain, in other years;
My mother's grave I sought, in my despair,
But found it not!—Our grave-stone was not there!
No, we were fallen men, mere workhouse slaves,
And how could fallen men have names or graves?
I thought of sorrow in the wilderness,
And death in solitude, and pitiless
Interment in the tiger's hideous maw;
I pray'd, and, praying, turn'd from all I saw.
My prayers were curses!—But the sexton came:
How my heart yearn'd to name my Hannah's name!
White was his hair, for full of days was he,
And walk'd o'er tombstones, like their history.
With well-feign'd carelessness I rais'd a spade,
Left near a grave, which seem'd but newly made,
And ask'd who slept below? "You knew him well,"
The old man answer'd, "Sir, his name was Bell.
He had a sister—she, alas! is gone,
Body and soul, Sir! for she married one

Unworthy of her. Many a corpse he took
From this church-yard." And then his head he shook,
And utter'd—whispering low, as if in fear
That the old stones and senseless dead would hear—
A word,—a verb, a noun,—too widely famed,
Which makes me blush to hear my country named.
That word he utter'd, gazing on my face,
As if he loath'd my thoughts, then paus'd a space.
" Sir," he resum'd, " a sad death Hannah died;
Her husband—kill'd her, or his own son lied.
Vain is your voyage o'er the briny wave,
If here you seek her grave she had no grave!
The terror-stricken murderer fled before
His crime was known, and ne'er was heard of more.
The poor boy died, Sir! uttering fearful cries
In his last dreams, and with his glaring eyes,
And troubled hands, seem'd acting, as it were,
His mother's fate. Yes, Sir, *his* grave is there.
But you are ill? Your looks make me afraid;—
My God! how frightfully he shakes the spade!"

XIII.

Oh, welcome once again black ocean's foam!
England! Can this be England?—this my home?
This country of the crime without a name,
And men who know nor mercy, hope, nor shame?
Oh, Light! that cheer'st all life, from sky to sky,
As with a hymn, to which the stars reply!

Canst thou behold this land, oh, Holy Light!
And not turn black with horror at the sight?
Fall'n country of my fathers! fall'n and foul!
Thy body still is here, but where the soul?
I look upon a corpse—'tis putrid clay—
And fiends possess it. Vampires quit your prey!
Or vainly tremble, when the dead arise,
Clarion'd to vengeance by shriek-shaken skies,
And cranch your hearts, and drink your blood for ale!
Then, eat each other—till the banquet fail!
Oh, thou dark tower, that look'st o'er ancient woods
To see the tree of fire put forth its buds!
Baronial keep, whose ruins, ivy-grown,
The time-touch'd ash mistakes for living stone,
Grasping them with his writhen roots, and fast
Binding the present to the faded past!
While, cropp'd with every crime, the tax-plough'd moor,
And foot-paths, stolen from the trampled poor,
And commons, sown with curses loud and deep,
Proclaim a harvest, which the rich shall reap.
Call up the iron men of Runnymeed,
And bid them look on lords, whom peasants feed!
Then—when the worm slinks down, at nature's groan,
And with the shrieking heav'ns, thy dungeons moan
O'er the loud fall of greatness, misery fed,
Let their fierce laugh awake their vassals dead,—

The shaft-fam'd men, whom yet tradition sings,
Who serv'd, but did not feed, the fear'd of kings,
To join the wondering laugh, and wilder yell,
While England flames, 'a garden,' and a hell.

XIV.

Again upon the deep I toss and swing!
The bounding billow lifts me, like the wing
Of the struck eagle—and away I dart,
Bearing afar the arrow in my heart.
For thou art with me, though I see no more
Thee, stream-lov'd England! Thy impatient shore
Hath sunk beneath me—miles, a thousand miles;
Yet, in my heart, thy verdant Eden smiles.
Land, where my Hannah died, and hath no tomb!
Still, in my soul, thy dewy roses bloom.
Ev'n in Niagara's roar, remembrance still
Shall hear thy throstle, n'er the lucid rill,
At lucid eve; thy bee, at stillest noon;
And when clouds chase the heart-awaking moon,
The mocking-bird, where Erie's waters swell,
Shall sing of fountain'd vales, and philomel:
To my sick soul bring over worlds of waves,
Dew-glistening Albion's woods, and dripping caves;
But—with her linnet, red-breast, lark, and wren—
Her blasted homes and much-enduring men!

To all who revere the memory of the late

JEREMY BENTHAM,

OUR SECOND LOCKE AND ADVOCATE,

The greatest happiness of the greatest number,

for the greatest length of time, I inscribe these

CORN LAW RHYMES

PREFACE.

Two generous critics (one of them writing in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and the other in the *Athenæum*,) have praised so highly this little, unpuffed, unadvertised book, that I am almost compelled to doubt whether I still live in England. What! in the land of castes and cant, take a poor self-educated man by the hand, and declare to the world that *his* book is worth reading! To the select writers and readers of the "Squire's Review," such conduct must be utterly incomprehensible, and ought to make Gifford, in his coffin, shake the worms from the brow of a dead slave. One of my warm-hearted critics, he of the *Athenæum*, in his kindness and zeal for my welfare, (which cannot but be sincere, and for which I will never cease to be grateful,) advises me to rhyme no more politics. Poetry, he thinks, is thrown away on such subjects. I think differently, and I will tell him why. But I must first inform him, that I have long ago published poems which contained no political allusions, (two of them are reprinted at the end of this volume,) and that the worst of them all might justly claim a hundred times the merit of the Corn Law Rhymes. Yet no man

cried, "God bless *them!*" Of the Reviews, the Eclectic, and Blackwood, alone condescended to criticise any of them. The Westminster, indeed, noticed the Village Patriarch, with high praise; but the Village Patriarch is a *political* poem! Must I, then, conclude, that I owe the notice which has been taken of the Corn Law Rhymes, to the supposition that they are the work of a mechanic? But why should we wonder, if mechanics write well in these days? A journeyman printer, one Benjamin Franklin, wrote good prose before I was born; capital verses were written by a tow-hackler, called Burns, who has been half a century in his grave; and did not a wool-comber, Shakspeare by name, hundreds of years ago, write better than any body else, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, before or since? There are many mechanics in Sheffield, who can write better than the author of the Corn Law Rhymes.

I will now tell my friend of the Athenæum why I think there is nothing unnatural or improper in the union of poetry and politics. Because I think, that any subject whatever in which man takes interest, however humble and common-place it may be, is capable of inspiring high and true poetry. The power which produced Tam o' Shanter, is the same power which enabled Gray to write his Elegy. Both are alike masterpieces, though the subjects are utterly unlike each other. But, perhaps, I cannot express myself better on this subject than by quoting a few sentences from two letters, written by me more than two years ago, to two of our greatest critics.

"I send you with this letter, a copy of the Village Patriarch, a poem; and, I think, I hear you exclaim, after turning over a page or two, 'What have we here? A *poem* on political economy!' Why not, Sir? The utilitarians say, that poets are generally servile fools, and that poetry, when it is not nonsense, is almost sure to be something worse; while the more elegant critics complain that the union of poetry with politics, is always hurtful to the politics and fatal to the poetry. But the utilitarians can hardly be right, and the gentlemen critics must be wrong, if Homer, Dante, Milton, Cowper, and Burns were poets. Why should the sensitive bard take less interest than other men, in those things which most nearly concern mankind? The contrary ought to be, and is, true. All genuine poets are fervid politicians. Perhaps we owe the inimitable Rape of the Lock to the physical weakness of the author, and his consequent determination to excel in sofa-and-lap-dog poetry; yet was not *he*, was not Pope himself a politician? Aye, and a great one. What *is* poetry but impassioned truth—philosophy in its *essence*—the *spirit* of that bright consummate flower, whose root is in our bosoms? Are there no politics in Hamlet? Is not Macbeth—is not the drama of Wallenstien a sublime political treatise? Napoleon was a great poet, when, pointing to the pyramids, he said to his army, 'Forty centuries look down upon us!' Perhaps the finest poem in the world, is the declaration of Newton relative to his discoveries, 'That he was only like a child, gathering pebbles on the shore, while the great

ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him.' The sagacious Bacon and the pious Taylor were both poets of a high order; and I will engage to quote as fine illustrative poetry as ever was written, from the prose of Jeremy Bentham. I blush for the age, through my very bones, while these truisms are wrung from me. An apology to a *King* for the union of poetry and politics, is, at best, like begging pardon of his Queen for the fragrance of a lily; or rather, it is like asking a lady of her train to tolerate the *useful beauty* of 'the corny reed, embattled in its field.' All true and lasting poetry is rooted in the business of life; that of Burns, for instance, would have lost half its value, and have been forgotten, or, perhaps never heard of, had it not reflected the colours of the wonderful age that was passing over him. How else happens it, that the proudest peer finds himself unable to despise Willie's vulgar 'peck o' malt?'—that the vilest boroughmonger is compelled to join in the poet's hearty welcome of 'Dumourier to his despots?' and that—in a country where poverty and truth alone are criminal—the lips of fine gentlemen are familiar with the name of a guager? Where will our children look for the *living* character of the year 1793? Will Burke, the turncoat, inform them 'that titles are but the *guinea's stamp?*' Or will they learn from the writings of Burns, and *from his life*, that, during a certain crusade for ignominy, it was necessary, yet perilous, and in his case, fatal, to say, 'the man's the goud for a' that?' My poem may be a weed, but it has sprung, unforced, out of existing

things. It may not suit the circulating libraries for adult babies; but it is the earnest product of experience, a retrospect of the past, and an evidence of the present, a sign of the times, a symptom, terrible, or otherwise, which our state doctors will do well to observe with the profoundest shake of the head; for it affords a prognostic, if not a proof, that Smith and Macculloch must soon be as familiar as Dilworth to schoolboys. And is it of no importance what a man of the middle class—hardly raised above the lowest, thinks—when the lowest are beginning to think? To Sir Thomas Bread-tax Pauper, Lady Betty Pension, and all the great and small vulgar, my opinions may be the *ne plus ultra* of impropriety; but, believing as I do, that the Corn Laws have a direct and rapid tendency to ruin my ten children and their country, with all its venerable and venerated institutions, where is the wonder if I hate the perpetrators of such insane atrocities? Their ancestors, I believe, were good men. The Savilles and the Rockinghams, were not palaced almoners, nor are their successors like the Shelleys and the Lauderdales. But when suicidal anti-profit laws speak to my heart from my children's trenchers—when statuets for restricting the industry of a population, which is only superabundant because it is oppressed, threaten to send me to the treadmill, for the crime of inflicted want—when, in a word, my feelings are *hammered* till they are 'cold-short'—habit can no longer bend them to courtesy; they snap—and fly off in a sarcasm. Is it strange that my language is fervent as a welding heat,

when my thoughts are *passions*, that rush burning from my mind, like white-hot bolts of steel? You do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the importance of *these low matters of trade;* you do not seem to suspect, that, if the Corn Laws continue much longer, the *death struggle* of competition will terminate *suddenly!* But your friend, Lord Milton, knows that these trifles are serious things. They are not beneath *his* notice. In all places, at all times, on every occasion he has done his duty, and by a super-human effort, raised himself above the prejudices of his caste. To him we owe the preservation (not uninjured) of our ancient staple, the woollen manufacture. But for his pithy, unanswerable speeches, we should still have had a wool-tax,—but no buyers of British woollen! I do not wish that there were less of Chatham, or of Brougham in your speeches; but an infusion of Smith and Maculloch is wanting, to make them what the speeches of a philosophic statesman in the nineteenth century ought to be."

I cannot conclude without a few remarks on the present state of the trade of Sheffield, as connected with the tendency of the Corn Laws. The Germans being able to buy the necessaries of life without restriction, are becoming dangerous competitors to us; but, in consequence of the troubles on the continent, our merchants have lately received many orders which, in other circumstances, would have been executed abroad; and the great and *sudden* demand for our goods has caused a general strike for increased wages. The

present glut of orders, then, is an accident; but gluts and scarcities, generally, are the results of absurd legislation and I might assert, without fear of refutation, that if trade were universally free, neither gluts nor scarcities could, to any great extent, or for any great length of time, exist. *This, then, is the favourable moment for the repeal of the Corn Laws.* If we wait until the continent is pacified, and our rivals enter again into active competition with us, the advance which has here taken place in wages will be another premium in their favour. But who does not see, that until the Corn Laws are repealed, *the great question of wages can never be settled in England?*—that gluts must alternate with scarcities?—gluts of orders with gluts of goods!—that the feast of to-day must be followed by the famine of to-morrow?—insolence by humiliation, humiliation by insolence?—and that, with the intemperance and want of fore-thought resulting from the absence of a *steady* demand for goods, the conflicts and heart-burnings of the employers and the employed must continue? But how long will such a state of things yet last? Can we compete for ever with un-bread-taxed rivals? No! capital will go where it will pay; skill will follow capital; and our manufactories will at length stop, simultaneously, and for ever! The immense camp of London will then be *without pay;* the immense camp of Glasgow will be *without pay;* the immense camp of the West-Riding of Yorkshire will be *without pay,* and almost within shout of a still more multitudinous camp—that of Lancashire,

also *without pay!* And all this may happen, and, if the Corn Laws remain much longer on the statute book, *will* happen, perhaps, in one and the same week, day, or hour! If I am called upon to produce from history a record of similar catastrophes, I shall answer, that history can furnish no record of *a similar state of things*. The British government is the only one that ever legislated *against* the bread of its people, by impeding the exchange of manufactured goods for food, at the very moment when such exchange ought to have been facilitated by all possible or conceivable means.

DECLARATION

OF THE

SHEFFIELD MECHANICS' ANTI-BREAD-TAX SOCIETY.

CONVINCED that the Mechanics are the only body of men in this country sufficiently independent to oppose, with any chance of success, the host of corruptionists who are feeding on our labour, and, at the same time, limiting the market for our productions; trusting also that we shall speedily be joined by every wise and good mechanic in the empire, and supported by the yet undebased portion of the middle class of our countrymen, if any such there be;—We, the Sheffield Mechanics' Anti-Bread-Tax Society, declare That, in a fully-peopled country, it is an act of national suicide to restrict the exchange of manufactured goods for corn; because, where there is a law which restricts the necessaries and comforts of life, profits and wages, being no where worth more than the necessaries and comforts which they will purchase, are demonstrably measured by the restriction;—That the present Corn Law, while it enables a few thousand landed annuitants to convert the general loss into a temporary, but ultimately fatal gain to themselves,

is destructive of every thing which is valuable to us as men; and that, while that law, and the will and power to alter it for the worse, continue as they are, no reduction of taxation, how extensive soever, can be other than a mere transfer of a certain amount of the public money from the government to the landlords. We therefore further declare, That as we cannot escape from the consequences of the Corn Law, (except by causing it to be repealed, or by emigrating with our heart-broken wives and children,) we will, by all the legal means in our power, oppose the horrible anti-profit law, *alias* Corn Law, and never remit in our exertions, until the monopoly of the first necessary of life be utterly destroyed. The case of our oppressors, as stated by themselves, furnishes answerable reasons why we ought no longer to maintain them in their present character of palaced paupers. They say they cannot live without alms. If the assertion be true, why do they not go to the workhouse for their pay as other paupers do? If it be not true, why are they not sent to the tread-mill for obtaining money under false pretences? *These questions suggest two others.* We, however, insist not yet on compensation for the past.

JOHN CARR, Secretary.

Note. When the Sheffield Mechanics' Anti-Bread-Tax Society was first instituted, the Members, in common

with most of their countrymen, had almost ceased to hope for a Reform in Parliament. Determined to invite the legal co-operation of all the oppressed throughout the kingdom, they formed themselves into an association, with the design of attacking a particular point in the enemy's line. By overthrowing the Corn Laws, they knew they would compel their enemies themselves to become reformers. The announcement of the Reform Bill in the infancy of their union, induced them to suspend their operations. Had not that announcement been made, the Society would at this time, I doubt not, have influenced as members, and co-operators, at least five hundred thousand adult males! They who doubt this startling assertion, will make what allowance they please for the exaggeration of a poetical imagination; but I beg of them to remember, that the Birmingham Political Union originally consisted of four members only.

Should the Reform Bill disappoint our just expectations, the Sheffield Mechanics' Anti-Bread-Tax Society is still in existence. It may yet be necessary to array a Political Union of all the plundered against all the thieves; and I must, in candour say, that it will not be the fault of the latter, if the very next contest which history will have to record, will not be that of the People of Great Britain, *v.* Fifty Thousand Palaced Paupers. In fact, that contest is already begun. What is the struggle which now agitates the empire, but the beginning of the end—the great question of profit and wages, *alias* Bread, Bread, Bread—and whether the Tories, by continuing to tax it, shall destroy the nation, with themselves? One would think, the answer cannot much longer be doubtful. NO!

CORN LAW RHYMES.

SONG.

TUNE—"*The land o' the leal.*"

WHERE the poor cease to pay,
Go, lov'd one, and rest!
Thou art wearing away
To the land of the blest.
Our father is gone
Where the wrong'd are forgiven,
And that dearest one,
Thy husband, in heaven.

No toil in despair,
No tyrant, no slave,
No bread-tax is there,
With a maw like the grave.
But the poacher, thy pride,
Whelm'd in ocean afar;
And his brother, who died
Land-butcher'd in war;

And their mother, who sank
Broken-hearted to rest;
And the baby, that drank
'Till it froze on her breast;
With tears, and with smiles,
Are waiting for thee,
In the beautiful isles,
Where the wrong'd are the free.

Go, loved one, and rest
Where the poor cease to pay!
To the land of the blest
Thou art wearing away.
But the son of thy pain
Will yet stay with me,
And poor little Jane
Look sadly like thee.

SONG.

TUNE—"*Robin Adair.*"

CHILD, is thy father dead?
Father is gone!
Why did they tax his bread?
God's will be done!

Mother has sold her bed;
Better to die than wed!
Where shall she lay her head?
Home we have none!

Father clamm'd thrice a week,
God's will be done!
Long for work did he seek,
Work he found none.
Tears on his hollow cheek
Told what no tongue could speak:
Why did his master break?
God's will be done!

Doctor said air was best,
Food we had none;
Father, with panting breast,
Groan'd to be gone:
Now he is with the blest—
Mother says death is best!
We have no place of rest—
Yes, ye have one!

THE FOUR DEARS.

Dear Sugar, dear Tea, and dear Corn
Conspired with dear Representation,
To laugh worth and honour to scorn,
And beggar the whole British nation.

Let us bribe the dear sharks, said dear Tea ;
Bribe, bribe, said dear Representation ;
Then buy with their own the dear humbugg'd and be
The bulwarks of Tory dictation.

Dear Sugar and Tea, said dear Corn,
Be true to dear Representation ;
And then the dear crown will be worn,
But to dignify dearest taxation.

Dear Sugar, dear Corn, and dear Tea,
Stick to me, said dear Representation ;
Let us still pull together, and we
Shall still rob the dear British nation.

THE TAXED CAKE.

GIVE, give, they cry—and take !
For wilful men are they
Who tax'd our cake, and took our cake,
To throw our cake away.

The cake grows less and less,
For profits lessen, too ;
But land will pay, at last, I guess,
For land-won Waterloo.

They mix our bread with bran,
They call potatoes bread ;
And, get who may, or keep who can,
The starved, they say, are fed.

Our rivals fatten fast,
But we are free to pay ;
And dearly they shall pay, at last,
Who threw our cake away.

Lend, lend thy wing, oh, steam,
And bear me to some clime
Where splendid beggars dare not dream
That law's best fruit is crime !

Oh, Landlord's Devil, take
Thy own elect, I pray,
Who tax'd our cake, and took our cake,
To throw our cake away.

WHAT IS BAD GOVERNMENT ?

WHAT is bad government, thou slave,
Whom robbers represent ?
What is bad government, thou knave,
Who lov'st bad government ?

It is the deadly *Will*, that takes
What labour ought to keep;
It is the deadly *Power*, that makes
Bread dear, and labour cheap.

THE DEATH FEAST.

THE birth-day, or the wedding-day,
Let happier mourners keep:
To Death my festal vows I pay,
And try in vain to weep.
Some griefs the strongest soul might shake,
And I such griefs have had;
My brain is hot—but they mistake
Who deem that I am mad.
My father died, my mother died,
Four orphans poor, were we;
My brother John work'd hard, and tried
To smile on Jane and me.
But work grew scarce, while bread grew dear,
And wages lessen'd, too;
For Irish hordes were bidders here,
Our half-paid work to do.
Yet still he strove with failing breath,
And sinking cheek, to save
Consumptive Jane from early death—
Then join'd her in the grave.

His watery hand in mine I took,
And kiss'd him till he slept;
O, still I see his dying look!
He tried to smile, and wept!
I bought his coffin with my bed,
My gown bought earth and prayer;
I pawn'd my mother's ring for bread,
I pawn'd my father's chair.
My Bible yet remains to sell,
And yet unsold shall be;
But language fails my woes to tell—
Even crumbs were scarce with me.
I sold poor Jane's grey linnet then,
It cost a groat a year;
I sold John's hen, and miss'd the hen,
When eggs were selling dear:
For autumn nights seem'd wintry cold,
While seldom blazed my fire,
And eight times eight no more I sold
When eggs were getting higher.
But still I glean the moor and heath;
I wash, they say, with skill;
And workhouse-bread ne'er cross'd my teeth,—
I trust it never will.
But when the day, on which John died,
Returns with all its gloom,
I seek kind friends, and beg, with pride,
A banquet for the tomb.

One friend, my brother James, at least,
Comes then with me to dine ;
Let others keep the marriage-feast,
The funeral-feast is mine.
For then on him I fondly call,
And then he lives again !
To morrow is our festival
Of death, and John, and Jane.
Even now, behold ! they look on me,
Exulting from the skies,
While angels round them weep to see
The tears gush from their eyes !
I cannot weep—why can I not ?
My tears refuse to flow :
My feet are cold, my brain is hot—
Is fever madness ?—No.
Thou smilest, and in scorn—but thou,
Couldst thou forget the dead ?
No common beggar curtsies now,
And begs for burial bread.

BURNS, FROM THE DEAD.

MACLATHER, the radical barber of Perth,
Was the saddest of all politicians on earth ;
But his business increased, while his thoughts darker grew
For his shop was a news-shop, and barber's shop too.

One night he lay sleepless, reflecting with awe
On the laws of the lawless, and wrongs that are law,
When a stranger approach'd, with a voice and a stride
That awoke the good woman asleep at his side.
Like Tell from the torrent, or Burns from the brae,
Or Cromwell in youth, or the Hampden of Gray,
He came—and around his broad brow, as he spoke,
His black locks were curl'd, like the gnarl of the oak.
But his voice—oh ! its tones were the music of scorn,
The laugh of a trumpet, impatient for morn !
"Come, bring me a pen, boy ! and all shall know soon
That still I am Bobby, the bard o' the Doon ;
Yes, bring me a pen, and I'll write thee an ode
On the law that sends tax-eaten Britons abroad."
" Aye, write me," said Mac, with a sigh like a rope,
" An ode on the bread-tax, that banishes hope."
Mac brought him a pen, and he took it and wrote,
While laughing, while talking, while glooming in thought,
While glow'ring at Meg, who lay mute as the grave,
As he hutch'd up his breeches, then scribbled a stave.

" Awake sate the Devil, and felt quite unwell
With scheming how best he might send souls to hell,
When at last he exclaim'd, as he rose with a spring,
' A Bread-tax, a Bread-tax, will just be the thing !
To beggar the wealthy, by robbing the poor,
To mortgage the meadow, by stealing the moor,

To turn into monsters the young and the old,
There's nought like a Bread-tax, with paper or gold.
France, once the great nation, held others in scorn;
But when could France boast of her kings of dear corn?
In the page of her glory bright names may be read,
But the ace of all titles is 'Lord of Dear Bread.'
Rome rose like the sun, but in darkness to set,
For her Lords of the Bread-tax Rome never had yet;
Her heroes, and Neroes, great names we may call,
But Lord of the Bread-tax, is greater than all.
A Bread-tax will bring me, all cursing dear corn,
The proud and the splendid, the tatter'd and torn,
From palace and hovel, from woodland and street,
At my table as equals and brothers to meet.
There seated with me, round the broad brimstone bowl,
They shall quaff the *true blue* for the health of the soul;
And pledge me in bumpers with horror for glee,
May the God of the good send all Tories to me!
My philosopher's stone is the *moral* sublime;
A Bread-tax will turn all it touches to crime.
Then hey for a Bread-tax! hark forward, soho!
That my halls may be cramm'd with the high and the low.'
So saying, he hied to the bought and the sold,
And whisper'd the haughty, the base and the cold,
Where they lay in their venom, all toad-like and grim,
How to damn souls on earth, and fill hell to the brim."

Thus ended the poet—and fled like a dream,
O'er valley, and torrent, and woodland, and stream,
Through scenes of his loves, in the morn of his day,
When he met the fond lasses among the sweet hay.
And the moon and the stars, over mountain and moor,
Look'd slyly on Bobby, the honest and poor,
While he thought of the sprees o' the bonny lang syne,
When the gloss of his locks was like gold from the mine.

ELEGY.

Oh, Huskisson! oh, Huskisson!
Oh, Huskisson, in vain our friend!
Why hast thou left thy work undone?
Of good begun is this the end?
Thou should'st have lived, if they remain
Who fetter'd us, and hated thee.
Oh, Huskisson, our friend in vain!
Where now are hope and liberty?
Thou should'st have lived, if with thee dies
The poor man's hope of better days.
Time stops, to weep, but yet shall rise
The sun whose beams shall write thy praise.
Thy widow weeps—but what is she,
And what her paltry, common woe?
Worlds weep—and *millions* fast for thee;
Our hope is gone! why didst thou go?

Pleased hell awhile suspends his breath,
Then, shouts in joy, and laughs in hate;
And plague, and famine, call on death,
Their jubilee to celebrate.
A *shadow* bids improvement stand,
While faster flow a nation's tears.
Oh, dead man! with thy pallid hand,
Thou rollest back the tide of years!

THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

WHAT for Saxon, Frank, and Hun,
What hath England's bread-tax done?
Ask the ruin it hath made;
Ask of bread-tax-ruin'd trade;
Ask the struggle and the groan,
For the shadow of a bone,
Like a strife for life, for life,
Hand to hand, and knife to knife.

Hopeless trader, answer me!
What hath bread-tax done for thee?
Ask thy lost and owing debts;
Ask our bankrupt-throng'd Gazettes.
Clothier, proud of Peterloo!
Ironmaster, loyal, too!
What hath bread-tax done for you?

Let the Yankee tariff tell,
None to buy, and all to sell;
Useless buildings, castle strong,
Hundred thousands, worth a song;
Starving workmen, warehouse full,
Saxon web, from Polish wool,
Grown where grew the wanted wheat,
Which we might not buy and eat.
Merchant, bread-tax'd-trade wont pay,
Profits lessen every day;
Sell thy stock and realize,
Let thy streeted chimneys rise;
And when bread-tax'd ten are two,
Learn what bread-tax'd rents can do.
Sneak! that wouldst for groat a year
Sell thy soul, and sell it dear!
Self-robb'd servile! sold, not bought,
For the shadow of a groat!
Unbribed Judas! what thy gain,
By sad Europe's millions slain—
By our treasures, pour'd in blood
Over battle-field and flood—
Bread-tax'd profits, endless care,
Competition in despair.
With thy bile and with thy gear,
Wheels and shuttles gainless here,
With the remnant of thy all,
Whither, reptile, wilt thou crawl?

What hath bread-tax done for me?
Farmer, what for thine and thee?
Ask of those who toil to live,
And the price they cannot give;
Ask our hearths, our gainless marts,
Ask thy children's broken hearts,
Ask their mother, sad and grey,
Destined yet to parish pay.

Bread-tax'd weaver, all can see
What that tax hath done for thee,
And thy children, vilely led,
Singing hymns for shameful bread,
Till the stones of every street
Know their little naked feet.

Building laywer's nominee,
What hath bread-tax done for thee?
Ask thy fainting thoughts, that strive
But to keep despair alive;
Ask thy list of friends betray'd,
Houses empty, rents unpaid,
Rising streets and falling rents,
Money fights for half per cents;
Ask yon piles, all bread-tax-built,
Guiltless, yet the cause of guilt,
Swallowing fortunes, spreadlng woes,
Losing, to make others lose.

Bread-tax-eating absentee,
What hath bread-tax done for thee?—
Cramm'd thee, from our children's plates,
Made thee all that nature hates,
Fill'd thy skin with untax'd wine,
Fill'd thy purse with cash of mine,
Fill'd thy breast with hellish schemes,
Fill'd thy head with fatal dreams—
Of potatoes basely sold
At the price of wheat in gold,
And of Britons sty'd to eat
Wheat-priced roots, instead of wheat.

England! what for mine and me,
What hath bread-tax done for thee?
It hath shown what kinglings are,
Stripp'd the hideous idols bare,
Sold thy greatness, stain'd thy name,
Struck thee from the rolls of fame,
Given thy fields to civil strife,
Changed thy falchion for the knife,
To th' invading knout consign'd
Basest back, and meanest mind,
Cursed thy harvests, cursed thy land,
Hunger-stung thy skill'd right hand,
Sent thy riches to thy foes,
Kick'd thy breech, and tweak'd thy nose,

And beneath the western skies,
Sown the worm that never dies.

Man of Consols, hark to me!
What shall bread-tax do for thee?
Rob thee for the dead-alive,
Pawn thy thousands ten for five,
And, ere yet its work be done,
Pawn thy thousands five for one.

What shall bread-tax yet for thee,
Palaced pauper? We shall see.
It shall tame thee, and thy heirs,
Beggar them, and beggar theirs,
Melt thy plate, for which we paid,
Buy ye breeches ready made,
Sell my lady's tax-bought gown,
And the lands thou call'st thy own.
Then of courses five or more,
Grapery, horse-race, coach and four,
Pamper'd fox-hounds, starving men,
Whores and bastards, nine or ten,
Twenty flunkies fat and gay,
Whip and jail for holiday,
Paid informer, poacher pale,
Sneaker's lieense, poison'd ale,
Seat in senate, seat on bench,
Pension'd lad, or wife, or wench,

Fiddling parson, Sunday card,
Pimp, and dedicating bard,—
On the broad and bare highway,
Toiling there for groat a day,
We will talk to thee and thine,
Till thy wretches envy mine,
Till thy paunch of baseness howl,
Till thou seem to have a soul.

Peer, too just, too proud to share
Millions wrung from toil and care!
Righteous peer, whose fathers fed
England's poor with untax'd bread!
Ancient peer, whose stainless name
Ages old have giv'n to fame!—
What shall bread-tax do for thee?
Make thee poor as mine and me;
Drive thee from thy marble halls
To some hovel's squalid walls;
Drive thee from the land of crimes,
Houseless, into foreign climes,
There to sicken, there to sigh,
Steep thy soul in tears and die—
Like a flower from summer's glow,
Withering on the polar snow.

Church bedew'd with martyrs' blood
Mother of the wise and good!

Temple of our smiles and tears,
Hoary with the frost of years!
Holy church, eternal, true!
What for thee will bread-tax do?
It will strip thee bare as she
Whom a despot stripp'd for thee;
Of thy surplice make thy pall,
Low'r thy pride, and take thy all—
Save thy truth, establish'd well,
Which—when spire and pinnacle,
Gorgeous arch, and figured stone,
Cease to tell of glories gone—
Still shall speak of thee and Him
Whom adore the seraphim.

Power, which likest Heaven's might seem,
Glorious once in freedom's beam;
Once by tyrants felt and fear'd,
Still as freedom's dust revered—
Throne, established by the good,
Not unstain'd with patriot blood,
Not unwatch'd by patriot fears,
Not unwept by patriot tears—
What shall bread-tax do for thee,
Venerable Monarchy?—
Dreams of evil, spare my sight!
Let that horror rest in night.

CAGED RATS.

YE coop us up, and tax our bread,
And wonder why we pine;
But ye are fat, and round, and red,
And fill'd with tax-bought wine.
Thus, twelve rats starve while three rats thrive,
(Like you on mine and me,)
When fifteen rats are caged alive,
With food for nine and three.

Haste! havoc's torch begins to glow,
The ending is begun;
Make haste; destruction thinks ye slow;
Make haste to be undone!
Why are ye call'd 'my lord,' and 'squire,'
While fed by mine and me,
And wringing food, and clothes and fire
From bread-tax'd misery?
Make haste, slow rogues! *prohibit* trade,
Prohibit honest gain;
Turn all the good that God hath made
To fear, and hate, and pain;
Till beggars all, assassins all,
All cannibals we be,
And death shall have no funeral
From shipless sea to sea.

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

I.

I AM not death, O King! nor by him sent,
O'er thy sad heart my pinions black to wave;
But when men die, I stand, in silence bent,
Writing the deeds of warrior, saint, or slave,
And canonize the timid and the brave.
They die, but after them their actions live,
For good or ill. Speak, then, if thou wouldst be,
Though bad, not worst; and mercy may forgive
The cureless past. What shall I write of *thee?*
Shall toil be plunder'd still—or trade be free?
Know'st thou the law by which Kings govern well,—
The golden law, "Reign not for some but all?"
Shall I to men, and to the immortals tell
That thou didst fetter hope, or disenthrall?
Oh, answer, ere the fatal curtain fall!
To-morrow, and the Sultan is forgot
Even in the harem; but on realms oppress'd
The scar remains, where pass'd the iron hot
With which he sear'd them; and wrongs unredress'd
Cry to the hopeless dead, "Ye shall not rest!"
Would'st thou be mourn'd with curses, or with tears?
As angels mourn the blow that casts aside
The axle of a world, for years and years
Turning the seasons back and all their pride?
Or as men mourn a godlike friend who died?

Thou hast, men say, for misery's tear a sigh;
But if thy heart is warm, 'tis warm in vain.
King of the bread-tax! dearly didst thou buy
That title. Shall it evermore remain,
To mock thy virtues, an eternal stain?

II.

No answer?—Oft the meanest of mankind,
Gay as "The Tenth," and polish'd as their swords,
Have rivall'd Nash in etiquette of mind,
And all the littleness of forms and words;
But thou art King of Squires, and reign'st for Lords!
To teach thy sire, earth wept a sea of gore;
He lived unteachable, and died untaught
By curses, wrung from millions. It is o'er,
And thou wast heir of all his madness wrought;
Be this thy plea—all else availeth naught.
But nations beggar'd, that ye might bequeath
Old bonds to France redeem'd; and Peterloo
Immortal; and Napoleon's deathless death!
These were such deeds as vulgar kings can do;
They made thee famous, but not matchless too.
King of dear Corn! Time hears with ceaseless groan,
Time ever hears, sad names of hate and dread:
But thou, thou only, of all monarchs known,
Didst legislate *against* thy people's bread!
King of the Corn Laws! *thus* wilt thou be read!

For ever thus. A monarch calls thee—Go :
And if there be, in other worlds, a throne
That waits a prince unequall'd, be not slow
To seize the vacant seat—it is thine own ;
King of dear Corn ! thou art " thyself alone !"
Safe is thy fame. 'Tis come, th' unerring hour
That calls even kings to their account away ;
And o'er thee frowns a shadow and a power
To quench the stars, and turn the living day
Black. Yoked below, pant Horror and Dismay ;
The steeds, O king ! with soundless speed, that drag
Thee, and a king more dreaded than his Lord
The King of kings—O Death ! behold his flag—
The worm y shroud ! his sceptre, crown, and sword—
Worms ! his dread slaves—worms, worms, that do
his word.
But where are thine ? *thy* slaves ? *thy* flatterers ?—
Gone.
Nor need'st thou sigh for parasite or sage ;
For lo ! the mightiest of all kings, but one,
(Lord of the dust that once was youth and age,)
Attends thee fallen ! Behold his equipage !
How strange a chariot serves both him and thee !
But Death rides royally—no stop, no stay ;
On, on ; far hence thy final home must be.
What cloud swings there ? A world that turns
from day
Her mountains. Death drives well—Away ! Away !

As when to ships, which mists at sea surround,
The dangerous fog assumes a golden hue,
While rocks draw near with sudden breakers bound,
And distant mountains, reeling into view,
Lift o'er the clouds their cliffs of airy blue;
So, to thy soul, releas'd from mortal ties,
Scenes grand and wild, and terrible and new,
Strange lands, strange seas, the stars of unknown skies—
The realms of death with all their hosts, arise.
King of dear Corn! the dead have heard that name;
They come—imperial spectres throng to meet
Him, who, at once, eclipsed their dismal fame.
But why should despots long to kiss thy feet?
Did Nero starve his people? No—Oh, shame!
He only hymn'd the flames, that, street by street,
Swept Rome, no longer Roman:—it is meet
That greatness bow to greatness. Famine's lord!
What pallid crowds plebeian round thee rise!
Sent to sad graves by human fiends abhorr'd,
They come to thank thee with their tears and sighs:—
Nay, shrink not from the cloud of hollow eyes!
Thou know'st their children live to toil and pine,
And that eternity's long roll supplies
No nickname, deathless, grand, and just as thine.
But who is she, of aspect masculine,
Amid the silent moving silently,
With saddest step, but not unroyal air,
And gazing like an injured friend on thee?

There is sublimity in her despair!
O king! that pitying look is hard to bear;
Thee she forgives,—but not the havoc made
By thy meek servants and most gracious foes,
Who sagely interdict hope, profit, trade.
And must thy name be link'd for aye with those—
"The triple hundred kinglings"—who oppose
All change, but evil change; and deaf and blind,
Refute the sun, and ocean as he flows?
While daily, hourly, in their war on mind,
They scourge again the Saviour of mankind.
Oh! why didst thou obey them from thy throne?
Thou might'st have been, alas! thou wouldst not be—
King of the people! (Would that thou hadst known
How almost godlike 'tis to rule the free!)—
Or lived a tyrant! not the nominee
Of tyrants, wallowing in their victim's woe,
And arm'd to curse mankind, with worse than stings.
Compared with thine, their deeds are night on snow,
The breath of dungeons on a seraph's wings!
Derision! who would reign where such are kings?
But to be slave—if thou wert willing slave—
Of mean barbarians; to be signing clerk
Of palaced almoner, and tax-fed knave;
To wear their livery, and their badge, and mark;
To love the light, and yet to choose the dark;—
This, this was vile, and did to millions wrong
Not to be borne by men who boast a spark

Of manly worth. Oh! Tamer of the strong!
Wake thy slow angel, God! He slumbers long—
His voice of reformation should be heard,
His hand be active,—not to overturn,
But to restore; ere, sick with hope deferr'd,
The good despond; ere lord and peasant mourn,
Homeless alike; ere Waste and Havoc spurn,
With hand and foot, the dust of Power and Pride;
While tower and temple at their bidding burn,
And the land reels, and rocks from side to side,
A sail-less wreck, with none to save or guide;
A sail-less wreck, with multitudes to do
Deeds more accursed than pirate's deck e'er saw;
A helmless wreck, a famine-frantic crew,
All rage and hunger, hand, and voice, and maw;
And on that rolling wreck, no food, no hope, no law!

OH LORD, HOW LONG?

Up, bread-tax'd slave! and sagely curse
Greek, Russian, Swede, and Turk;
For we have better men, and worse,
Than honest Hare and Burke
Proud men who cannot live, *they say*,
Unless they plunder thee!
But thou art free to toil and pay,—
And so is England free.

Up, widow, up, and swing the fly;
Or push the grating file!
Our bread is tax'd, and rents are high,
That wolves may burst with bile.
Sire of the hopeless! can'st thou sleep?
Up, up, and toil for gouls,
Who drink our tears, but never weep,
And, soul-less, eat our souls!

Child, what hast thou with sleep to do?
Awake, and dry thine eyes!
Thy tiny hands must labour too;
Our bread is tax'd—arise!
Arise, and toil long hours twice seven,
For pennies two or three;
Thy woes make angels weep in Heaven,—
But England still is free.

Up, weary man, of eighty-five,
And toil in hopeless woe!
Our bread is tax'd, our rivals thrive,
Our gods will have it so.
Yet God is undethron'd on high,
And undethroned will be:
Father of all! hear Thou our cry,
And England *shall* be free!

Methinks, thy nation-wedding waves
Upbraid us as they flow;

Thy winds, disdaining fetter'd slaves,
  Reproach us as they blow;
Methinks thy bolts are waxing hot,
  Thy clouds have voices too;
" Father!" they cry, " hast thou forgot
  Land-butcher'd Peterloo?"

Oh, vengeance!—no, forgive, forgive!
  'Tis frailty still that errs:
Forgive?—Revenge! Shall murderers live?
  Christ bless'd *his* murderers.
Father, We only ask our own;
  We say, " Be commerce free,
Let barter have his mutton-bone,
  Let toil be liberty."

They smite in vain who smite with swords,
  And scourge with vollied fire;
Our weapon is the whip of words,
  And truth's all-teaching ire;
The blow it gives, the wound it makes,
  Life yet unborn shall see,
And shake it, like a whip of snakes,
  At unborn Villany.

THE TREE OF RIVELIN.

THE lightning, like an Arab, cross'd
The moon's dark path on high,
And wild on Rivelin writhed and toss'd
The stars and troubled sky,
Where lone the tree of ages grew,
With branches wide and tall;
Ah! who, when such a tempest blew,
Could hear his stormy fall?
But now the skies, the stars are still,
The blue wave sleeps again,
And heath and moss, by rock and rill,
Are whispering in disdain,
That Rivelin's side is desolate,
Her giant in the dust!
Beware, O Power! for God is great,
O Guilt, for God is just!
And boast not, Pride! while millions pine,
That wealth secures thy home;
The storm that shakes all hearths *but* thine
Is *not* the storm to come.
The tremor of the stars is pale,
The dead clod quakes with fear,
The storm slinks down, o'er hill and vale,
When God in wroth draws near.

But if the Upas *will* not bend
Beneath the frown of Heaven,
A *whisper* cometh, which shall rend
What thunder hath not riven.

DRONE *v.* WORKER.

How God speeds the tax-bribed plough,
Fen and moor declare, man;
Where once fed the poor man's cow,
ACRES drives his share, man.
But he did not *steal* the fen,
Did not *steal* the moor, man;
If he feeds on starving men,
Still he loves the poor, man.
Hush! he bullies state and throne,
Quids them in his jaw, man;
Thine and mine he calls *his own;*
Acres' lie is law, man.
Acres eats his tax on bread,
Acres loves the plough, man;
Acres' dogs are better fed,
Beggar's slave! than thou, man.
Acres' feeder pays his debts,
Waxes thin and pale, man,
Harder works, and poorer gets,
Pays his debts in jail, man.

Acres in a palace lives,
  While his feeder pines, man;
Palaced beggar ne'er forgives
  Dog on whom he dines, man.
Acres' feeder, beggar'd, begs,
  Treadmill'd rogue is he, man;
Scamp! he deals in pheasants' eggs,—
  Hangs on gallows tree, man!
Who would be an useful man?
  Who sell cloth, or hats, man?
Who make boiler, or mend pan?
  Who keep Acres' brats, man?
Better ride, and represent—
  Better borough tools, man;
Better sit in pauperment—
  Better corn-law fools, man.
Why not right the plunder'd poor?
  Why not use our *own*, man?
Plough the seas, and *not* the moor?
  Why not pick a bone, man?
Lo, the merchant builds huge mills,—
  Bread-tax'd thinks, and sighs, man!
Thousand mouths and bellies fills,—
  Bread-tax'd breaks, and dies, man!
Thousand mouths and bellies, then,
  Bread-tax'd, writhe and swear, man:
England once bred honest men,
  Bread-tax'd, Burke and Hare, man!

Hark ye! millions soon may pine,
Starving millions curse, man,
Desperate millions long to dine
A-la-Burke, and worse, man!
What will then remain to eat?
Who be eaten then, man?
"Few may part, though many meet,"
At Famine's Feast, ye ken, man.

SONG.

TUNE—"*Scots wha hae*," *&c.*

OTHERS march in freedom's van;
Canst not thou what others can?
Thou a Briton! thou a man!
What are worms, if human thou?

Wilt thou, deaf to hiss and groan,
Breed white slaves for every zone?
Make yon robber feed his own,
Then proclaim thyself a man.

Still shall paltry tyrants tell
Freemen when to buy and sell?
Spurn the coward thought to hell!
Tell the miscreants what they are.

Dost thou cringe, that fiends may scowl?
Wert thou born without a soul?
Spaniels *feed*, are whipp'd, and howl;
Spaniel! thou art *starved* and whipp'd.

Wilt thou still feed palaced knaves?
Shall thy sons be traitors' slaves?
Shall they sleep in workhouse-graves?
Shall they toil for parish-pay?

Wherefore did'st thou woo and wed?
Why a bride was Mary led?
Shall she, dying, curse thy bed?
Tyrants! tyrants! no, by heaven!

SQUIRE LEECH.

COME, Lord Pauper! pay my bill
For radish-tops and fire;
Ploughman Joe, and Weaver Bill,
Keep Robert Leech, Esquire.
You say, shares are fairly shared
Between the high and low;
While we starve, this joke runs hard
On bread-tax'd Will and Joe.

Leech drinks wine, sometimes enough,
But then, he drinks in style:
Clubfeast-ale is sinful stuff;
And pewter-plate is vile.
Robert rides, and Robert drives—
His feeders barefoot go;
Will is clamming—bread-tax thrives—
And tread-mill's clamming Joe.

"Give," of old, the horse-leech cried;
Squire Robert cries, "Give, give!"
How the leeches are belied!
They suck, yet *cannot live!*
Little souls grow less and less,
And ever downward grow;
"Live, and let live," they profess,
And feed on Will and Joe!

Bread-tax murders trade and hope;
Lord Pauper cries "Well done!"
Bread-tax is not yet a rope
To every rascal's son;
Justice is not done, 'tis said
To Robert Leech and Co:
Gibbet is not tax on bread,—
But Bread-tax gibbets Joe!

HOW DIFFERENT!

Poor weaver, with the hopeless brow,
And bare woe-whiten'd head;
Thou art a pauper, all allow,
All see thou begg'st thy bread;
And yet thou dost not plunder slaves,
Then tell them they are free;
Nor hast thou join'd with tax-fed knaves,
To corn-bill mine and me.

What borough dost thou represent?
Whom bid'st thou toil and pay?
Why sitt'st not thou in pauperment,
If baser beggars may?
Where are thy hounds, thy palaced w—e,
To feed on mine and me?
Thy reverend pimp, thy coach and four,
Thy thieves in livery?

No house hast thou, no food, no fire;
None bow to thee, alas
A beggar! yet nor lord, nor squire?
Say how comes this to pass?
While yon proud pauper, dead to shame,
Is fed by mine and me?
And yet behind the rascal's name
The scoundrel writes M. P!

INSCRIPTION,

FOR A TABLET IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

LAST of a race of giants, lived De Foe,
First champion of commercial liberty!
Where lie his bones? He died, 'tis all we know,
Save that he lived and died in penury;
And, sorrowing, paid to unrelenting hate
That debt, which envy ne'er forgives the great.
Hampden! De Foe! Cromwell! and Milton! when
Shall twenty years boast four such names again?
But which was greatest? Great was he who fell—
The rebel Hampden; great and terrible
He, who well merited the crown he dared;
Mighty the novelist; sublime the bard,
That blind old man of London! With their deeds
The world still rings as age to age succeeds;
But which will longest bask in glory's smile?
The tale of Paradise—or that of Crusoe's Isle?

ROGUES *v.* REASON.

YOUR cause is thresh'd—'tis time! forgive
The husk that casts ye out;
And with your horrid bread-tax live,
Or try to live without.

"What! eat our own?" Poor rogues! not so—
Your own is gone and spent:
Shall orphan Jane, and Dupe and Co.,
Repay you what they lent?

"Yes, and the poor man then may keep
A keg of home-brew'd beer:"
Towards which end let toil be cheap,
And hops and barley dear.

"Transfer to us, the malt tax, then;
Hark forward! Tally-ho!"
Both tax and price, kind gentlemen?
"Both, both, Sir! on we go."

Let price and tax to you be paid,
If ruin'd trade can pay;
"Pay? What care we for ruin'd trade?
Hark forward! hark away!"

Too fast, perhaps. "Transfer! transfer!
Tax commerce! we must eat:"
And, having earth'd your customer,
To Poland send your wheat?

"Pshaw! doubly-tax wheat, hemp, and flax!
Tax wool!" And keep it, too.
Lord help you, try a parson-tax,
Your labour-tax wont do.

THE MIRACULOUS GOOSE.

Ho, all who laud the Stamford ass,
Lend me your ears, I pray!
On C———r's wave a goose there was,
That, cackling, seem'd to bray.
Some say, she was a noble bird,
But in good print we find,
That ever when her voice was heard
It gave sight to the blind!
Loud sounding, like Old Sarum's knell,
It startled Newark's mead;
And folks, who had not learn'd to spell,
Were taught, at once, to read!
E'en sundry Squires, and men of might,
All true John Bulls, I ween,
Became acquainted with the light,
Though they stone-blind had been.
For when they turn'd their backs on trade,
And would true Squires be thought,
By paper-prices undismay'd,
Their bread-tax'd lands they bought.
But when they heard—and they had ears—
The goose of C———r bray,
Their eyes were open'd, and, in tears,
They saw the light of day.

But when they saw that they could see,
They saw that they were trick'd;
And when they thought of mortgagee,
They stared like donkeys stick'd;
For all their foes did on them burst,
Like dogs at bear let loose,
And mortgagee, of all the worst,
Had also heard the goose!
Then, too, their farmers wroth did wax,
And they wax'd witty, too,
Advising much a turnip-tax,
Since bread-tax would not do.
The Squires, who gibes regarded nought,
Were inly troubled sore,
And marvelled that they never thought
Of turnip tax before.
"A turnip-tax," with sudden glee,
"A turnip-tax," they cried,
And C———r's goose, and mortgagee,
"A turnip-tax," replied.
So, let us sing, God save the King,
And C———r's goose God save,
And when she next consents to sing,
May Sadler hear a stave!

THE JACOBIN'S PRAYER.

AVENGE the plunder'd poor, oh Lord!
But not with fire, but not with sword,
Not as at Peterloo they died,
Beneath the hoofs of coward pride.
Avenge our rags, our chains, our sighs,
The famine in our children's eyes!
But not with sword—no, not with fire
Chastise Thou Britain's locustry!
Lord, let them feel thy heavier ire;
Whip them, oh Lord! with poverty!
Then, cold in soul as coffin'd dust,
Their hearts as tearless, dead, and dry,
Let them in outraged mercy trust,
And *find* that mercy they deny!

Yon cotton-prince, at Peterloo,
Found easy work, and glory, too:
"Corn laws," quoth he, "make labour cheap,
And famine from our trenchers keep."
He sees but wealth in want and woe;
Men starve, he owns, and justly so;
But if they marry and get brats,
Must *he* provide their shirts and hats?
Lord, fill his ledger with bad debts!
Let him be learned in gazettes!

A beadle's son, a lawyer's sire,
And born the favourite of a Squire,
STRUT hath town-acres three or four,
Two taverns, and can license more;
That street is his, Blue Jobber's Row:
He feels no want, he sees no woe;
But, having jobb'd another groat,
Pays Corn-law two-pence, as he ought,
And still is purchased *with his own*,
Although his god is half-a-crown.
Talk not to *him* of wants and woes;
He hates the fool who names his foes.
Lord, let his hollow rental fail,
And lice instruct him in a jail,
When Tories, to diminish votes,
For liberal laws strain all their throats,
Untaxing deals, too dear to buy,
And bricks, and laths,—but tell not why!

Yon prigling, territorial grown,
Sublimely takes his Satrap-stride
On two vast acres, call'd his own,
When Tories, to dimindish pride.
"Cheap corn is ruin," he can show;
"Let rents be raised, Sir!" Are they low?
"They are—despite your liberal cant,
And all the pack of growling hounds:
The poor, Sir, are extravagant:

These eight roods cost five hundred pounds!"
He earns with ease his daily bread;
But want still quits his door unfed.
Let thrice five sons and daughters, Lord,
Surround this childless husband's board,
Till wisdom from his trencher preach,
And back and belly learn and teach.

Yon yeoman used, in better days,
When "D—n the French" was pray'r and praise,
To teach us thrice a year or so,
From Tory-rule what blessings flow:
He back'd his war-horse through the panes
Of quiet people who had brains;
And when pale Freedom's champions fell,
He three-times-three'd his carnage yell,
Till awe-struck fiends turn'd pale in hell.
For wool-tax now, and parish pay,
He prays in curses every day,
And bans the liberals and the peace.
Lord, let him take his farm on lease!
That he may feel the growing pain
Which they endure who toil in vain;
The sinking soul, the dark distress,
The sting of this world's hopelessness;
Till down his cheek of lemon-peel
A selfish tear, at least, may steal,

And wondering sceptics gladly own
His heart is human, though of bone!

See, how yon Thane of Corn Laws scowls,
Picking our pockets, while he growls!
Lord, shall his law, untaxing rent,
Become his order's monument?
A beacon, bidding future times,
Avoid his fate, abhor his crimes?
When Ruin yells, and Havock goads,
And long-prepared, his mine explodes,
Oh, may the wretch outlive the shock
Of shaken earth, and shatter'd rock!
Whip him, O Lord! with want and woe!
Lord, teach him what his victims know!
And when, with toil and trouble worn,
He rests beneath a blasted thorn,
Let him behold, with grief and ire,
While sets the sun in pomp of fire,
The palace of his patriot sire,
Who *fed* the poor, that feed the proud,
And plunder'd *not* the toiling crowd!
But if, when chastening years are past,
His sorrows try to smile at last,
And in his plot of garden-ground,
The wire-edged cottage flower be found,
Or rose, or pink, whose glowing rays
Remind him of departed days;

Let no mean worm's despotic power
Envy that fallen man his flower!
O let no little tyrant dare
To rend the hope of his despair,
The solace of his closing day,
His *friend*—his garden-plot away!
Nor upstart pride, with scornful tone,
The poor man's claim to taste disown,
And turn affronted tears to stone!

SONG.

WHEN freedom's foes mock'd labour's groan,
And, drunk with power, contemn'd the throne,
God bade great William rule the waves;
And William scorn'd to govern slaves.
Rule, great William, rule the free!
William Britain's shield will be!

On their hard hearts they ground their words,
And made them sharp as traitor's swords,
But cower'd, like dogs, beneath his eye,
When millions shouted to the sky,
Rule, great William, rule the free!
William Freedom's shield shall be!

He broke his bonds o'er Rapine's head;
"Free men! Free bread!" great William said,

And like a second Alfred stood,
King of the happy and the good;
While the free, from sea to sea,
Sang, Great William rules the free!

SONG.

WHO came when hope had fled?
Who will untax our bread?
Who save the state?
Who storm the robber's den?
Sole theme of tongue and pen,
William, the king of men,
William the great!

Hark, how his people sing,
God save our patriot king,
God save the state!
Long may he rule the brave,
Smiling at fool and knave,
Ere truth inscribe his grave,
WILLIAM THE GREAT!

CREED O' THE CANNY.

No printing! the printers are devils,
Whose lore teaches slaves to be free:
Long life to all orthodox evils,
Our watchword and motto shall be.

The dust of Old Sarum is holy,
In our hearts live her ramparts and towers;
No progress! improvement is folly;
The foes of green Gatton are ours.

To the dogs with the poor and the needy!
Rogues and vagabonds! what can they pay?
Does the tree of our planting grow seedy?
Up, yeoman, and hatchet away!

No freedom! the French are all pagan;
Make a torch of their tallow and blood!
Then fire their new temples of Dagon,
But quench every spark where it stood.

No Flemish republic to plague us;
No Poland, to bother our sons;
Success to thee, Lamb of the Tagus;
Success to thee, King of the Huns.

Watch well, thou black eagle of Prussia;
Sarmatia claims one of thy wings:
Purvey for the dragon of Russia;
Be base for the honour of kings.

Our god is the Great God of Slaughter;
The hope of our purse is the sword:
Hosanna to Carnage, God's daughter!
Hosanna to Massacre's Lord!

JUDAS.

WHILE retribution o'er thee hangs,
Tory, thou com'st—but hid'st thy fangs—
To aid, with hollow, base harangues,
The hated cause of Liberty!

But never more pale Freedom's rout,
Slaves, Peterloo'd, with shriek and shout,
Or whipp'd till drop their bowels out,
Shalt thou behold in extasy!

Thy proper glories all are gone;
"Revered and ruptured Ogden's" none,
With dungeon groans, shall urge thee on,
Henceforth, to new atrocities!

Of Freedom's champions now are thine
No shipments o'er the burning line;
O'er trampled rights no yell divine;
No hangings, burnings, massacres!

Thy scourge is dry, but stiff with blood;
It drinks no more, though fain it would;
No gibbet waits the wise and good;
Thy prison-ship is victimless!

Australia o'er the deep complains
That patriots come not now in chains,
To tell, amid her woods and plains,
The tale of British liberty.

Then, praise be thine, Iscariot's son,
Who, when our fight was fought and won,
With water in a sieve did'st run,
To cheer the victor veteran!

But let the patriot's memory rot!
Long sufferings—woes are best forgot:
With Gerald, Muir, and Margarot,
(Insulted miscreant!) bury them.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS MUIR.

THY earth, Chantilly, boasts the grave of Muir,
The wise, the lov'd, the murder'd, and the pure!
While in his native land the murderers sleep,
Where marble forms in mockery o'er them weep;—
His sad memorials, telling future times
How Scotchmen honour worth, and gibbet crimes.

REFORM.

Too long endured, a power and will,
That would be nought, or first in ill,
Had wasted wealth, and palsied skill,
And fed on toil-worn poverty.

They call'd the poor a rope of sand;
And, lo! no rich man's voice or hand
Was raised, throughout the suffering land,
Against their long iniquity.

They taught the self-rob'd sons of pride
To turn from toil and want aside,
And coin their hearts, guilt-petrified,
To buy a smile from infamy.

The philter'd lion yawn'd in vain,
While o'er his eyes, and o'er his mane,
They hung a picklock, mask, and chain,—
True emblems of his dignity.

They murder'd Hope, they fetter'd Trade;
The clouds to blood, the sun to shade,
And every good that God had made
They turn'd to bane and mockery.

Love, plant of Heaven, and sent to show
One bliss divine to earth below,
Changed by their frown, bore crime and woe,
And breathed, for fragrance, pestilence.

With Freedom's plume, and Honour's gem
They deck'd Abaddon's diadem,
And call'd on hell, to shout for them
The holiest name of holiness.

They knew no interest, but their own;
They shook the state; they shook the throne;
They shook the world; and God alone
Seem'd safe in his omnipotence.

Did then his thunder rend the skies,
To bid the dead in soul arise?—
The dreadful glare of sullen eyes
Alone warn'd cruel tyranny!

A murmur from a trampled worm,
A whisper in the cloudless storm—
Yet these, even these, announced Reform;
And Famine's scowl was prophecy!

Nor then remorse, nor tardy shame,
Nor love of praise, nor dread of blame,
But tongues of fire, and words of flame,
Roused Mammon from his apathy.

At length, a MAN to Mercia spoke ;
From smitten hearts the lightning broke ;
The slow invincible awoke ;
And England's frown was victory.

No thanks to thee, thou self-robb'd slave!
And none to thee, thou Tory knave!
But all to them, the few and brave,
Whose watchword still was "Liberty!"

Oh, years of crime! The great and true—
The nobly wise—are still the few,
Who bid Truth grow where Falsehood grew,
And plant it for eternity!

SONG.

WHEN working blackguards come to blows,
And give or take a bloody nose,
Shall juries try such dogs as those,
Now Nap lies at Saint Helena?

No, let the Great Unpaid decide,
Without appeal, on tame bull's hide,
Ash-planted well, or fistified,
Since Nap died at Saint Helena.

When Sabbath stills the dizzy mill,
Shall Cutler Tom, or Grinder Bill,
On footpaths wander where they will,
Now Nap lies at Saint Helena?

No, let them curse, but *feel* our power;
Dogs! let them spend their idle hour
Where burns the highway's dusty shower;
For Nap died at Saint Helena.

Huzza! the rascal Whiglings work
For better men than Hare and Burke,
And envy Algerine and Turk,
Since Nap died at Saint Helena.

Then close each path that sweetly climbs
Suburban hills, where village chimes
Remind the rogues of other times,
Ere Nap died at Saint Helena.

We tax their bread, restrict their trade;
To toil for us, their hands were made;
Their doom is seal'd, their prayer is pray'd;
Nap perish'd at St. Helena.

Dogs! would they toil and fatten too?
They grumble still, as dogs will do:
We conquer'd *them* at Waterloo;
And Nap lies at Saint Helena.

But shall the villains meet and prate
In crowds about affairs of state?
Ride, yeoman, ride! Act, magistrate!
Nap perish'd at Saint Helena.

ARTHUR BREAD-TAX-WINNER.

WHO is prais'd by dolt and sinner?
Who serves masters more than one?
Blucherloo, the bread tax winner;
Bread tax winning Famineton.

Blucherloo, the bread tax winner!
Whom enrich'd thy battles won?
Whom does Dirt-grub ask to dinner?—
Bread tax winning Famineton.

Whom feeds Arthur Bread-tax-winner?—
All our rivals, sire and son,
Foreign cutler, foreign spinner,
Bless their patron, Famineton.

Prussia fattens—we get thinner!
Bread tax barters all for none:
Bravo! Arthur Bread-tax-winner!
Shallow, half-brain'd Famineton!

Empty thinks the devil's in her :
Take will grin, when *Make* is gone !
Bread tax teaches saint and sinner,
Grinning, flint-fac'd Famineton !

LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ADDITION OF COLLINS, WITH ETCHINGS BY PLATT

STRUCK blind in youth, Platt ask'd the proud for bread ;
He ask'd in vain, and sternly join'd the dead.
I saw him weep—" Hail holy light ! " he cried ;
But living darkness heard him, and he died.
Oh, by the light that left too soon his eyes,
And bade him starve on ice-cold charities ;
Doom'd is the wealth that could no pittance spare,
To save benighted genius from despair !
These etchings, Platt, alone remain of thee !
How soon, alas ! ev'n these will cease to be !
But poesy hath flowers that ever bloom ;
And music, though she seal'd thy cruel doom,*
Shall sing a ballad o'er her pupils' tomb.

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* The unfortuaate artist, having lost his sight, attempted to learu music, for subsistence. A concert, which he advertized, failed, and the cup ran over.

DEATH AND CO.

Oh, Huskisson! too meek of soul,
Thou took'st thy station with the dead,
To compliment the "Mousing Owl,"
Whose triumph tax'd thy country's bread.
Death smote thee down, as now he smites
His foodless thousands, all in vain;
While Rapine, over trampled rights,
Beneath his shadow, yells amain;—
"Strike! Death, these dogs are thine and mine;
To famish them, I worship thee:
One murderous cry is mine and thine—
One murderous aim—Monopoly!"

LINES

ON THE ELEVEN POOR MEN OF HALLAMSHIRE, WHO ORIGINATED THE SHEFFIELD POLITICAL UNION.

Come, drink to the four and the seven,
Who first bade their breth'ren combine;
Hurra, for the glorious eleven!—
Though their doublets are not very fine.

" Combine, for the wicked conspire !
Combine !" said the four and the seven ;
And Hallam's old eyes darted fire
At the words of the dreadless eleven.
And what are the four and the seven,
Whose doublets are not very fine ?
And what are the glorious eleven,
Who first bade the plunder'd combine ?—
All useful, all modest, all brave ;
All British through marrow and bone :
There is not among them a slave
Gold-rusted, gold-rotten,—not one !
Not one of them all fears the laugh,
Of Booby, the grandson of Bear ;
Or Bleatwell, the third gilded calf ;
Of footman's son Golden Horn's heir ;
Or Surface, quite easy to paint ;
Or Struttle, whose dignity crawls ;
Or solemn Select, the queer saint,
Who would not know Christ at Saint Pauls'
Then drink to the four and the seven !—
Though their doublets are not very fine ;—
The modest and manly eleven,
Who first bade the plunder'd combine.
" Combine ! " said the four and the seven,
" Combine, for the wicked conspire ! "
So spoke the immortal eleven,
While the eyes of old Hallam flash'd fire.

HYMN WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD POLITICAL UNION.

TUNE—"*Scots wha' ha*"

HANDS and hearts, and *minds* are ours ;
Shall we bow to bestial powers ?
Tyrants, vaunt your swords and towers !
Reason is our citadel.

With what arms will ye surprize
Knowledge, of the million eyes ?
What is mightier than the wise ?—
Not the might of wickedness.

Trust in force !—So tyrants trust !
Words shall crush ye into dust ;
Yet we *fight*, if fight we must—
Thou didst, Man of Huntingdon !*

Records name a wretch abhorr'd,
Who, when Stewart claim'd his sword,
Fled the land, and left his lord :
Blustering Pelham ! who was he ?

* One Oliver Cromwell, a Brewer.

Or will Bane, the pauper, say
Who, in Stewart's evil day,
Baffled, vanquish'd, swept away,
Rebel-king, and foreign slave ?

What were they who prostrate laid
Far-fam'd hosts, whom despots bade
Gaul's enfranchis'd soil invade ?
Answer, proudest history !

Heirs of Pym ! can ye be base ?
Locke ! shall Frenchmen scorn a race
Born in Hampden's dwelling place ?
Blush to write it, infamy !

What we are, our fathers were ;
What they dar'd, their sons can dare;
Vulgar tyrants ! hush ! beware !
Bring not down the Avalanche.

By the death which Hampden died !
By oppression, mind defied !
Despots, we will tame your pride—
Stormily, or tranquilly !

SONG.

WHO won Blucher's Waterloo?
Britons fought, and won it, too—
Or, if doubtful tales be true,
Bread-tax winning Wellington.

Sons and brethren brave remain
Of the men of Mont Saint Jean,
Nobler conflicts to maintain,
Arthur's master, Nicholas!

Warriors of the well-fill'd chest,
Empty purse will teach ye best:
Do your worst—we'll do the rest;
Thieves ho! lock the treasury!

EPITAPH.

DIED he of want, who bade the pow'r of steam
Urge Britain's commerce o'er the conquer'd stream?
Ye tax-fed worldlings! may the name of Bell
Weigh heavy on your pigmy souls in hell!

BATTLE SONG.

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
What then? 'Tis day!
We sleep no more; the cock crows—hark!
To arms! away!
They come! they come! The knell is rung
Of us or them.
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
Of gold and gem.
What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
To famine dear—
What pension'd slave of Attila,
Leads in the rear?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
Our blood to spill?
Wear they the livery of Czar?
They do his will.
Nor tassell'd silk, nor epaulet,
Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendor gilds, all sternly met,
Our foot and horse.
But, dark and still, we inly glow,
Condens'd in ire!
Strike, stave! and ye shall know
Our gloom is fire.

In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
Insults the land ;
Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
And God's right hand!
Madmen ! they trample into snakes
The wormy clod!
Like fire, beneath their feet awakes
The sword of God !
Behind, before, above, below,
They rouse the brave ;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
Or find a grave.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1832.

See, the slow Angel writhes in dreams of pain !
His cheek indignant glows !
Like Stanedge, shaking thunder from his mane,
He starts from his repose.
Wide, wide, his earthquake-voice is felt and heard;
" Arise, ye brave and just!"
The living sea is to its centre stirr'd—
And, lo! our foes are dust!
The earth beneath the feet of millions quakes ;
The whirlwind-cloud is riv'n ;
As midnight, smitten into lightning, wakes,
So wak'd the sword of Heav'n.

The angel drew not from its sheath that sword;
He spake, and all was done!
Night fled away before the Almighty word,
And, lo—the sun! the sun!

THE TRIUMPH OF REFORM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHEFFIELD POLITICAL UNION.

TUNE—"*Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN woe-worn France first sternly spread
Her banner'd rainbow on the wind;
To smite rebellious Reason dead,
The kings of many lands combined.
Did they triumph? So they deem'd:
Could they triumph? No!—They dream'd.

From Freedom's ashes at their call
A form of might arose, and blaz'd:
'Tis true, they saw the phantom fall;
'Tis true, they crush'd the power they rais'd;
But in conflict with the wise,
Vain are armies, leagues, and lies.

Not Freedom—no! but freedom's foe,
The baffled league of kings o'erthrew;
We conquer'd *them*, though slaves can shew,
They conquer'd *us* at Waterloo:
Mind is mightier than the strong!
Right hath triumph'd over wrong!

By sordid lusts to ruin led,
Come England's foes, ye self-undone!
Behold for *what*, ye tax'd our bread!
Is this the *Mont Saint Jean*, ye won?
Hark the *rabble's* triumph lay!—
Sturdy beggars! who are they?

Go, call your Czar! hire all his hordes!
Arm Cæzar Hardinge! League and plot!
Mind smites you with her wing of words,
And nought shall be, where mind is not.
Crush'd to nothing—what you are—
Wormlings, will ye prate of war?

No paltry fray, no bloody day,
That crowns with praise, the baby-great;
The DEED of Brougham, Russell, Grey,
The Deed that's *done*, we celebrate!
Mind's great Charter! Europe sav'd!
Man *for ever* unenslav'd!

Oh could the wise, the brave, the just,
Who suffer'd—died—to break our chains;
Could Muir, could Palmer, from the dust,
Could murder'd Gerald hear our strains;
Then would martyrs thron'd in bliss,
See all ages bless'd in this.

THE PRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE PRINTERS OF SHEFFIELD ON THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL.

GOD said, "Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt his might,
And fled away;
Then, startled seas, and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried, "'Tis day! 'tis day!"
"Hail holy light!" exclaim'd
The thund'rous cloud, that flam'd
O'er daisies white;
And, lo, the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
And, blushing, murmur'd, "Light!"
Then was the skylark born;
Then rose th' embattled corn;
Then floods of praise

Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.
Lo, heav'ns bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers, all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God,
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?
No, by the *mind* of man!
By the swart artisan!
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth, and hell, and heav'n,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone,
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of minds, is gone!
"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless:
Oh, pallid want! oh, labour stark!
Behold, we bring the second ark!
The Press! the Press! the Press!

THE EMIGRANTS' FAREWELL.

ENGLAND, farewell! we quit thee—never more
To drink thy dewy light, or hear the thrush
Sing to thy fountain'd vales. Farewell! thy shore
Sinks—it is gone! and in our souls the rush
Of billows soundeth, like the crash and crush
Of hope and life. No land! all sky and sea!
For ever, then, farewell! But may we blush
To hear thy language, if thy wrongs or thee
Our hearts forget, where screams o'er rock and tree
The Washingtonian eagle! In our prayers,
If we forget our wrongers, may we be
Vile as their virtues, hopeless as their heirs,
And sires of sons whom scorn shall nickname theirs—
And to such wolves leave we our country? Oh!
The heart that quits thee, ev'n in hope despairs!
Yet from our father's graves thy children go,
To houseless wilds, where nameless rivers flow,
Lest when our children pass *our* graves, they hear
The clank of chains, and shrieks of servile woe
From coward bones, that, ev'n though lifeless, fear
Cold rapine's icy fang, cold havock's dastard spear.

SONG.

HERE'S a health to our friends of Reform!
And, hey, for the town of the cloud,
That gather'd her brows, like the frown of the storm,
And scatter'd the base and the proud.

Drink, first, to that friend of the right,
That champion of freedom and man,
Our heart-broken Milton, who rous'd to the fight,
Again took his place in the van.

Then, to Palfreyman, Parker, and Ward;
And Bailey, a star at mid-day:
And Badger the lawyer, and Brettell the bard;
And Phillips in battle grown grey.

And Bramhall, by bigots unhung;
And Holland, the fearless and pure;
And Bramley, and Barker, the wise and the young;
And Bently the Rotherham brewer.

And Knight, whom the poor know and love,
For he does not scorn to know them;
And Dixon, whom conscience and prudence approve;
And Smith, though unpolish'd a gem.

Here's a health to our friends of Reform,
The champions of freedom and man,
Our pilots who weather'd and scatter'd the storm,
Our heroes, who fought in the van.

And since Russell's bolus is driv'n,
Down the throats of Cant Plunder and Co.,
May the firm of the Maggots take wing to that heav'n
Whither all the Saint Castlereaghs go!

Or, while, with the Bat and the Owl,
For darkness invaded they grieve,
May their angels take each tory body or soul
Which the devil would blush to receive!

A POET'S PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold,—
A patriot bard, by sycophants revil'd,
Let him live usefully, and not die old!
Let poor men's children, pleas'd to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been;
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green;

Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong :—
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the windflower's blush, the red-breast's
lonely song.

To

The followers of the fallen fortunes

Of him

Who would not be the greatest 'of mankind,

I inscribe

This picture of

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

England's

Noblest, best, and most magnanimous Enemy.

GREAT FOLKS AT HOME.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

SCENE—*the Infernal Regions.*—NAPOLEON *in deep thought,*—SATAN *watching near him.*

Nap. France! and ye Armies! is it thus indeed?
Satan. Poor Outcast! he too, from the aspirer's heaven
Fell, never more, oh, never more to rise!
Nap. Heir of the saddest flower, and loftiest sun-beam!
To-morrow's Cæsar! if degenerate earth
Refuse to arm thy grown right-hand with steel,
Ravish from heaven the lightning, and avenge me!
Satan. Fraternal Spirit, rest!
Nap. The Alps are dust,
And Borodino is not ev'n a name.
Satan. But yesterday still is—at least with thee.
How farest thou, Brother?

Nap. Brother?—oh yes, yes!
The twain who highest sate, and lowest fell,—
True brothers we! And I, too, sometimes talk
With joys that were.

Satan. What spectre of the past
Hath sadly visited thy restless thoughts,
Making truth hateful, and the wretched feel
He once was bless'd?

Nap. Not wretched if with thee,
Who, self-dethroned, yet reignest in thy soul.
But I did dream a hideous hateful dream,
Of fall'n, insulted greatness.—To have been
A King of Kings, and then to fall so low!
Oh, Victory, whose shout alarmeth heaven!
And thou, the imperishable, that wilt be
Young, when the time-worn mountains shall have levell'd
The stream-loved valley with the fountain'd rock!
Oh, Victory! Oh, Glory! if ye can,
Make, if ye can, atonement!—But ye cannot;
No, ye empoison even the aconite.

Satan. Now will his soul, with baneful industry,
Convert the past to anguish, and extract
A torturing essence from the memory
Of god-like aims, and actions worth ambition.

Nap. Marengo! Austerlitz! But ye are like
The rest—names, dreams! Ye come not, when I call
From my soul's solitude. I knew ye not

When I was happy. Then, the burning day
Had not yet risen, to drink from hope's pure flowers
The stainless dew, and on the scathed hill's side
Leave bare ambition blind in his own beams—
Alone and blind. But 'tis no matter—Night,
Deep night hath fall'n at last. Why was I not
Cast like a leaf upon the tide of time,
And, unresisting, borne to that dull sea
Where Envy sleeps? Selfish ambition! thou,
Vulgar alike in all, whate'er their ends,
Art but a yielding to our baser nature.
How dost thou bribe the demi-deity,
To ape despotic instinct! Too, too late,
Glorious American, I envy thee
The grandeur of thy super-human meekness.
Thy country saved, thou, her first citizen,
Wert greater than ten Cæsars! Earth, thy proudest
Name is George Washington!

Satan. What were the thoughts
Which thus could shake whom fate left unsubdued?

Nap. Methought that Stichrag prick'd me with his needle;
That Fingerlace, the vile man-milliner,
Assail'd me with his yard-wand; that one Bolus
Call'd me, "Poor Boney!"

Satan. See, whom have we here?
One of them seems to wear a scarlet necklace.

Enter STITCHRAG *and* FINGERLACE.

Nap. The very pair!—Oh, Mars!—Trimmings and cabbage.

Finger. *(To Stitchrag.)* Seest thou the rustic? not a bit of ribbon
About the clod!

Stitch. Unfashionable dog!
Look at the scoundrel's breeches; what a cut!

Nap. Lodi! Immortal Friedland!

Finger. Saint Taxation!
Thrice holy Corn-bill! Holier Peterloo!

Stitch. Now for the genuine Doric—hush! no laughter!

Nap. Thrones and the shopboard! Ancient goose and shears!
Can things like these rule nations? Destiny,
Thy sceptre is a bodkin!

Satan. *(To Fingerlace.)* What art thou?

Finger. I? *(To Stitchrag.)* Dost thou hear? the spooney does not know me—
Clod! not know me? May it please your Majesty,
I'm the man-milliner.

Satan. *(To Stitchrag.)* And what art thou?

Stitch. The tailor; at your service.

Satan. And what would you
Here?

Finger. I would serve—

Stitch (Aside.) In the capacity
Of master—

Finger. Your infernal despotship,
And this your empire. I much like the country;
And cannot praise enough your good old stock
Of penal fire, which I long to be using,
And will apply to great state purposes.
You have, of course, the necessary number
Of radicals; if not, I well know how
To raise a crop.

Satan. But art thou qualified
To serve me?

Finger. Qualified! Sir! *(To Stitchrag.)*
Dost thou hear
The spooney?

Satan. When your neighbours stole your beef
And your plum-pudding, what was thy employment?

Finger. Furnishing tinsel.

Satan. When your working paupers
By thousands died of want, what then didst thou?

Finger. I measured ribbon.

Satan. But my subjects here
Eat victuals highly season'd. Should we have
A scarcity of pitch, or brimstone broth,
Would the poor shine of tinsel fill their bellies?

Finger. No; but I'd yerk their guts with Stitchrag's shears.

Nap. Happy the land whose tailors are the law.

Satan. *(To Fingerlace.)* I like thy humour.
Finger. Yes; I'll make you like it.
And, Sire, I will commence my reign—
Satan. Thy reign?
Finger. I hate all radical appendages—
I will commence my reign with an improvement
Wrought on your person. I hate this exposure
Of the imperial tail. Besides, 'tis not
The fashion to wear tails; I never wore one.
Satan. Thou hatest radicals, and yet thou art one—
A dangerous fire-flinging innovator.
Finger. Let Stitchrag, Sire, make you a pair of breeches,
And I will find the trimming.
Satan. I wear breeches!
Finger. Yes, Sire, you shall.
Satan. I won't.
Finger. You shall.
Satan. I won't.
Finger. Measure him, Stichrag, and I'll hold him.
Satan. *(Knocks Fingerlace down.)* There,
Measure your bungler by his own dear rule.
Finger. *(Rising.)* Out with the clod! he won't wear breeches, Stitchrag.
Oh, could I die again!
Stitch. Die? Would it not

Be quite as well to live, and—

Finger. Clip his tail off?

Stitch. Clip! that's a tell-tale word. Say amputate,
As brother Bolus would.

Finger. What! amputate
The sacred tail?

Stitch. And live to bless the deed.

Finger. By tweezers, so I will. (*To Satan.*) Sire, by your leave,
Your fundamental ornament is rather—
I humbly beg to slice your— (*He gets behind Satan.*)

Satan. You be flogged! (*Kicks Fingerlace on the back front.*)

Finger. Oh, foul dishonour! oh, indignity!
Hell, thou art lost, like Europe! and, once more,
I'll perish for the public good. A moment,
And this Corinthian column, this great pillar
Of state, shall fall once more. Oh, Atlas, Atlas!
(*Exit Fingerlace.*

Stitch. Wide Peterloo—immortaler than some,
Legitimate as any—not so foreign
As those outlandish loos of royal Nismes,
Where our side had it,—is thy hero now
No more than Cæsar and Mark Antony,
Those famed Dutch tailors, that historians write of?
Troy, and thou, Tadmor!—tailors, too, are mortal.

I'll go, and mourn "the statesman now no more."

(*Exit Stitchrag.*

Nap. And could'st thou, Fate, in vile alliance join
Reptiles, like these, with me?—venomous grubs
That die of their own poison? Shall such names,
Defiling glory's page, appear with mine?

Satan. Aye, like fat vermin on a lion's mane,
Astonish'd at their pasture.

Nap. Still, O Fortune!
Still be thy crown the emblematic goose!
And may the shears spare thy skull epaulettes!
What I have been is safe, in spite of thee.
Yet O, imperial throne, I bought thee dear!
The people's love, the bulwark of true hearts,
The fear'd, the dreadless, the invincible,
All vilely thrown away—for what? A bauble.
Thou, too, poor shadow of a wife and queen!
Thou art, indeed, a shadow to my soul,
Dark and beloved, that will not pass away,
And stays in vain. Yet, yet, I will believe,
That in the boundless universe of God
There yet is hope. Is not our boy with thee?
Widow and wife! Our boy, how beautiful!
"The young Astyanax!" I clasp ye both!
And is not hope with him? O, can he prove
Unworthy of his Sire, the desolate,
The fate-dethroned? "Hail to thee, Man that shalt be!"

I clasp ye in my soul, and am alone.
'Twas ever so. I perish'd as I lived—
Alone—unparallel'd in life's extremes!
Thou, too, wast dearly bought, O fatal shadow!

Satan. But to the island of the free belongs
Th' unenvied glory of thy death most lone;
A glory unsurpassable, unequall'd,
Unfading, as the golden characters,
Which night reads calmly on her dome engraved,
While the unheeded stream of ages sweeps
Along, untired, for ever and for ever.

Nap. That tyrants should the tyrant overthrow,
Is retribution just.

Satan. 'Tis also just
That the magnanimous punisher receive
What he hath earn'd, and wear his honours proudly.

Nap. First of plebeians, why did I become
Less than earth's greatest? I was my own idol;
And to myself I poorly sacrificed
Fame in the highest. Yet, O Freedom! yet,
If thou art unavenged, the island-tomb,
Untenanted, hears ocean's deathless foam,
With no inscription for eternity.
Sièyes, intrench'd in gold, smiles safe from scorn,
If thou art unavenged; Murat's rash plume
Floats on the surge of horror unappall'd,
And Lannes still—Fall'n Angel, pardon me!
Even thy stern soul, at times, weeps mournful
thoughts for tears.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A SLAB, ON A ROCK, IN THE OCEAN.

BE this your song, slow-moving, in deep hell,
To sieze the honours ye have earn'd so well:
" Ye fiends eclipsed! resign your fiery thrones
To us, whose greater worth ev'n envy owns.
Sad years that were, and years that yet shall weep,
In beggary and in blood we steep'd and steep:
Ours were the deeds unmatch'd since time began,
And that eternal murder, of the man
Jail'd on the lone rock of the shrieking sea,
Who, last and greatest of the sons of fame,
Where mourns a fount, beneath a weeping tree,
Inhabits now " the tomb without a name." "

To

JOHN BOWRING, ESQUIRE,

One of our steadiest champions of liberty,

Civil and religious,

Whose translations have enabled us to shake hands with

Brethren whom we knew not,—

The living, who, to us, were dead,

And the dead who cannot die,

THIS POEM,

Is Dedicated,

By his obliged and thankful Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

THE RANTER.

I.

Miles Gordon sleeps; his six days' labour done,
He dreams of Sunday, verdant fields, and prayer:
Oh, rise, blest morn, unclouded! Let thy sun
Shine on the artisan,—thy purest air
Breathe on the bread-tax'd labourer's deep despair!
Poor sons of toil! I grudge them not the breeze
That plays with Sabbath flowers, the clouds that play
With Sabbath winds, the hum of Sabbath bees,
The Sabbath walk, the skylark's Sabbath lay,
The silent sunshine of the Sabbath day.

II.

The stars wax pale, the moon is cold and dim;
Miles Gordon wakes, and grey dawn tints the skies;
The many-childed widow, who to him
Is as a mother, hears her lodger rise,
And listens to his prayer with swimming eyes.

For her, and for her orphans poor he prays,
For all who earn the bread they daily eat:—
" Bless them, O God, with useful, happy days,
With hearts that scorn all meanness and deceit;
And round their lowly hearths let freemen meet!"—
This morn, betimes, she hastes to leave her bed,
For he must preach beneath th' autumnal tree:
She lights her fire, and soon the board is spread
With Sabbath coffee, toast, and cups for three.
Pale he descends; again she starts to see
His hollow cheek, and feels they soon must part;
But they shall meet again—that hope is sure;
And, Oh! she venerates his mind and heart,
For he is pure, if mortal e'er was pure!
His words, his silence, teach her to endure;
And then, he helps to feed her orphan'd five.
O God! thy judgments cruel seem to be!
While bad men biggen long, and cursing thrive,
The good, like wintry sun-beams, fade and flee—
That we may follow *them*, and come to Thee.

III.

In haste she turns, and climbs the narrow stair,
To wake her eldest born, but pausing stands,
Bent o'er his bed; for on his forehead bare,
Like jewels ring'd on sleeping beauty's hands,
Tired labour's gems are set in beaded bands;
And none, none, none, like bread-tax'd labour know'th

How more than grateful are his slumbers brief.
Thou dost not know, thou pamper'd son of sloth!—
Thou canst not tell, thou bread-tax-eating thief!—
How sweet is rest to bread-tax'd toil and grief!
Like sculpture, or like death, serene he lies.
But no—that tear is not a marble tear;
He names, in sleep, his father's injuries;
And now, in silence, wears a smile severe.
How like his sire he looks, when drawing near
His journey's close, and that fair form bent o'er
His dark'ning cheek, still faintly tinged with red,
And fondly gazed—too soon to gaze no more!—
While her long tresses, o'er the seeming dead,
Stream'd, in their black profusion, from the head
Of matron loveliness—more touchingly,
More sadly beautiful, and pale, and still—
A shape of half-divine humanity,
Worthy of Chantrey's steel, or Milton's quill,
Or heaven-taught Raphael's soul-expressing skill.
And must she wake that poor, o'er-labour'd youth?
O yes, or Edmund will his mother chide;
For he this morn, would hear the words of truth
From lips inspired, on Shirecliffe's lofty side,
Gazing o'er tree and tower on Hallam wide.—
Up, sluggards, up! the mountains one by one,
Ascend in light; and slow the mists retire
From vale and plain. The cloud on Stannington
Beholds a rocket—No, 'tis Morthen spire!

The sun is risen ! cries Stanedge, tipp'd with fire ;
On Norwood's flowers the dew-drops shine and shake ;
Up, sluggards, up ! and drink the morning breeze
The birds on cloud-left Osgathorpe awake ;
And Wincobank is waving all his trees
O'er subject towns, and farms, and villages,
And gleaming streams, and woods, and waterfalls.
Up, climb the oak-crown'd summit ! Hoober Stand,
And Keppel's Pillar, gaze on Wentworth's halls,
And misty lakes, that brighten and expand,
And distant hills, that watch the western strand.
Up ! trace God's foot-prints, where they paint the
mould
With heav'nly green, and hues that blush and glow
Like angel's wings ; while skies of blue and gold
Stoop to Miles Gordon on the mountain's brow.
Behold the Great Unpaid ! the prophet, lo !
Sublime he stands beneath the Gospel tree,
And Edmund stands on Shircliffe at his side ;
Behind him, sinks, and swells, and spreads a sea
Of hills, and vales, and groves ; before him glide
Don, Rivelin, Loxley, wandering in their pride
From heights that mix their azure with the cloud ;
Beneath him, spire and dome are glittering ;
And round him press his flock, a woe-worn crowd.
To other words, while forest echoes ring,
' Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon," they sing ;
And far below, the drover, with a start

Awaking, listens to the well-known strain,
Which brings Shihallian's shadow to his heart,
And Scotia's loneliest vales; then sleeps again,
And dreams, on Loxley's Banks, of Dunsinane.
The hymn they sing is to their preacher dear;
It breathes of hopes and glories grand and vast,
While on his face they look, with grief and fear;
Full well they know his sands are ebbing fast;
But, hark! he speaks, and feels he speaks his last!—

IV.

" ' Wo be unto you, scribes and pharisees,
Who eat the widow's and the orphan's bread,
And make long prayers to hide your villainies,'
Said He who had not where to lay his head,
And wandering forth, while blew the Sabbath breeze,
Pluck'd ears of corn, with humble men, like these.
God blames not him who toils six days in seven,
Where smoke and dust bedim the golden day,
If he delight, beneath the dome of heaven,
To hear the winds, and see the clouds at play,
Or climb His hills, amid their flowers to pray.
Ask ye, if I, of Wesley's followers one,
Abjure the house where Wesleyans bend the knee?
I do—because the *spirit* thence is gone;
And truth, and faith, and grace, are not, with me,
The Hundred Popes of England's Jesuitry. (1.)
We hate not the religion of bare walls;

We scorn not the *cathedral'd* pomp of prayer;
For sweet are all our Father's festivals,
If contrite hearts the heavenly banquet share,
In field or temple: God is everywhere!
But we hate arrogance and selfishness,
Come where they may—and most beneath the roof
Sacred to public worship. We profess
No love for him who feels no self-reproof
When in God's house he stands from God aloof;
Nor worship we grim Mars the homicide;—
Our prayers are not for slaughter: we behold
With scorn, sectarian and prelatic pride,
Slaves, if not bought, too willing to be sold,
Christians misnamed, whose gods are blood and gold.
What are the *deeds* of men call'd Christian, now?
They roll themselves in dust before the great;
Wherever Mammon builds a shrine, they bow,
And would nail Jesus to their cross of hate,
Should He again appear in *mean* estate.
Pleasant, repaid by splendid beauty's smile,
Praised by the proud, to flatter power and pride,
And prate of independence all the while;
Pleasant and safe, down sunny streams to glide;
But virtue fronts the blast, and breasts the tide.
Where are their 'protests,' monthly, weekly made,
Against Abaddon's Corn Law, and his sword? (2.)
Where their petitions for unfetter'd trade? (3.)
Where their recorded execrations pour'd

On blood stain'd tyrants, and the servile horde ?
When earth wept blood, that wolves might lap and swill,
And pleading mercy was a trampled worm,
Basely they pander'd to the slayer's will ;
And still their spells they mutter in the storm,
Retarding long the march of slow reform. (4.)
When palaced paupers, sneering, beard the town,
They preach the bread-tax in a text like this,
No text more plain—' To Cæsar give his own ! '
Ah, Serviles, dev'lishly the mark they miss,
And give to Cæsar *ours*, not theirs nor his.
What said the blushing saints, when Britain's name
Brought blushes to all else, o'er every sea,
And Lowe, Reade, Bathurst, names of deathless fame,
Engraved on hers their immortality ?
Oh, we were great, magnanimous, and free,
And pillage-purchased—yet unsold, unbought ;
Bread-tax'd, and Peterloo'd, and parish-paid,
And Cadi-Dervised—therefore most devout ;
Unplunder'd, undegraded, unbetray'd,
And Sidmouth'd, Oliver'd, and Castlereagh'd !—
Pious they are, cool, circumspect, severe ;
And while they feel for woes beyond the wave,
They laud the tyrants who starve millions here :
The famish'd Briton *must* be fool or knave,
But wrongs are precious in a foreign slave.
Their Bibles for the heathen load our fleets ;
Lo, gloating eastward, they inquire, ' What news ? '

We die, we answer, foodless, in the streets!
And what reply your men of Gospel-views?
Oh, they are sending bacon to the Jews!
Their lofty souls have telescopic eyes,
Which see the smallest speck of distant pain,
While, at their feet, a world of agonies,
Unseen, unheard, unheeded, writhes in vain.
Yet Thou, oh God! withhold'st thy sulphurous rain!
Or, if it fall, it blasts the labour'd vale,
And spares the barren summit! Lord! how long
Shall freedom's struggles turn the good man pale,
And, like a vile apology for wrong,
Add to the torturing scourge another thong?
Oh, for a Saint, like those who sought and found,
For conscience' sake, sad homes beyond the main!—
The Fathers of New England, who unbound,
In wild Columbia, Europe's double chain;
The men whose dust cries, 'Sparta, live again!'
The slander'd Calvinists of Charles's time
Fought, and they won it, Freedom's holy fight.
Like prophet-bards, although they hated rhyme,
All incorruptible as heaven's own light,
Spoke each devoted preacher for the right.
No servile doctrines, such as power approves,
They to the poor and broken-hearted taught;
With truths that tyrants dread, and conscience loves,
They wing'd and barb'd the arrows of their thought;
Sin in high places was the mark they sought;

They said not, ‘ Man be circumspect, and thrive !
Be mean, base, slavish, bloody—and prevail !’
Nor doth the Deity they worshipp'd drive
His four-in-hand, applaud a smutty tale,
Send Members to the House, and us to gaol.
With zeal they preach'd, with reverence they were heard ;
For in their daring creed, sublime, sincere,
Danger was found, that parson-hated word !
They flatter'd none—they knew nor hate nor fear,
But taught the will of God—and *did it* here.
Even as the fire-wing'd thunder rends the cloud,
Their spoken lightnings, dazzling all the land,
Abash'd the foreheads of the great and proud,
Still'd faction's roar, as by a God's command,
And meeken'd Cromwell of the iron hand.

“ Now look beneath, where tax-bought horses draw
The Cadi *amateur*—a devotee
For drum-head justice famed, and parlour law !
Hater evangelized of liberty !
How worthy Him who died on Calvary,
The Great Reformer, Christ ! Who does not loathe
His loathsome loathing of all liberal taint ?
Which of you hath not toiled, to feed and clothe
His lacqueys ? Oh, for Hogarth's hand, to paint
His mental lineaments of beast and saint,
His corn-law scowl, and landed length of ears ! (6)
Dost thou, thus early, mighty Lord, repair

To yonder fane? 'Tis well. Go, and in tears
Kneel, holy wretch, although the Sabbath air,
Is weary of thy long unpunish'd prayer.
Thou, who with hellish zeal, wert drunk and blind,
When tyrants, cloven-hoof'd in heart and brain,
Mape murder pastime, and the tardy wind
Bore fresh glad tidings o'er the groaning main
Of hecatombs on Moloch's altar slain!
Kneel, Saint of Carnage!—kneel, but not to Baal;
Kneel, but alone, with none to laud thy zeal;
For the hour cometh when the reed shall fail
On which the wicked lean. But wherefore kneel?
Can the worn stone repent, and weep, and feel?
Still harder granite forms the bosom core
Of him who laugh'd when freedom's thousands fell.
Hark, 'tis the voice, that erst of battle's roar
Was wont too oft from yonder tower to tell,
Pealing, at thy command, o'er crash and yell,
And fiend-like faces, reddening in the light
Of streets, that crimson'd midnight with their glare,
When England hired the hell-hounds of the fight,
Because men broke, in their sublime despair,
The bonds which nature could no longer bear!
Hark, 'tis the *iron* voice! and still to thee
It speaks of death. Perchance, some child of clay,
Some woe-worn thrall of long iniquity,
Some drudge, whose mate can yet afford to pay
For decent pray'rs, treading the gloomy way

Which all must tread, is gone to her long rest,
And last account ;—a dread one *thine* will be !
Of means atrocious, used for ends unbless'd !
And joy—for what ? For guilty victory ;
States bought and sold, by fraud to tyranny;
Slaves arm'd to kill ; the free by slaves enslaved ;
Red havoc's carnival from shore to shore ;
Sons slaughter'd, widows childless, realms depraved ;
And Britain's treasures pour'd in seas of gore,
Till lords ask alms, and fiercely growl for more !
Yes, when your country is one vast disease,
And failing fortunes sadden every door,
These, O ye quacks, these are your remedies ;
Alms for the rich !—a bread-tax for the poor !
Soul-purchased harvest on the indignant moor !
Thus the wing'd victor of a hundred fights,
The warrior ship bows low her banner'd head,
When through her planks the sea-born reptile bites
Its deadly way—and sinks in ocean's bed,
Vanquish'd by worms. What then ? The worms were fed.
Will not God smite thee black, thou whited wall ?
Thy life is lawless, and thy law a lie,
Or nature is a dream unnatural.
Look on the clouds, the streams, the earth, the sky !
Lo, all is interchange and harmony !
Where is the gorgeous pomp which, yester morn,
Curtain'd yon orb, with amber fold on fold ?

Behold it in the blue of Rivelin borne
To feed the all-feeding seas! the molten gold
Is flowing pale in Loxley's chrystal cold,
To kindle into beauty tree and flower,
And wake to verdant life hill, vale, and plain.
Cloud trades with river, and exchange is power: (7.)
But should the clouds, the streams, the winds disdain
Harmonious intercourse, nor dew nor rain
Would forest-crown the mountains; airless day
Would blast, on Kinderscout, the heathy glow;
No purply green would meeken into grey,
O'er Don at eve; no sound of river's flow
Disturb the sepulchre of all below.
"O for a ship—a ship!—the wing of steam
To bear us from the land, where toil despised
Is robb'd and scourged, and life's best prospects seem
Sad as the couch of patience agonized!
Is there no land where useful men are prized
By those they feed? Or will there never be
For hope a refuge, and a dwelling place
Where tyrants, in their mad rapacity,
Shake not their clench'd fists in the Almighty's face,
And cry "Thou fool!"—Shall glorious seas embrace
A thousand shores in vain? Shall paupers grow,
Where He hath said the eagle's young shall feed?
Shall hopeless tears to water deserts flow,
While flow his mighty streams, with none to heed,
And make fertility a baneful weed?

Poor bread-tax'd slaves, have ye no hope on earth ?
Yes, God from evil still educes good ;
Sublime events are rushing to their birth ;
Lo, tyrants by their victims are withstood !
And Freedom's seed still grows, though steep'd in blood !
When by our Father's voice the skies are riven,
That, like the winnow'd chaff, disease may fly ;
And seas are shaken by the breath of heaven,
Lest in their depths the living spirit die ;
Man views the scene with awed but grateful eye,
And trembling feels, could God abuse his power,
Nor man, nor nature, would endure an hour.
But there is mercy in his seeming wrath ;
It smites to save, not, tyrant-like, to slay ;
And storms have beauty, as the lily hath :
Grand are the clouds that, mirror'd on the bay,
Roll like the shadows of lost worlds away,
When bursts through broken gloom the startled light ;
Grand are the waves, that like that broken gloom,
Are smitten into splendour by His might ;
And glorious is the storm's tremendous boom,
Although it waileth o'er a watery tomb,
And is a dreadful ode on ocean's drown'd.
Despond not, then, ye plunder'd sons of trade !
Hope's wounded wing shall yet disdain the ground,
And Commerce, while the powers of evil fade,

Shout o'er all seas,—"All landsfor me were made!"
Her's are the apostles destined to go forth
Upon the wings of mighty winds, and preach
Christ Crucified! To her the South and North
Look through their tempests; and her lore shall reach
Their farthest ice, if life be there to teach.
Yes, world-reforming Commerce! one by one
Thou vanquishest earth's tyrants! and the hour
Cometh, when all shall fall before thee—gone
Their splendour, fall'n their trophies, lost their power.
Then o'er th' enfranchised nations wilt thow shower
Like dew-drops from the pinions of the dove,
Plenty and peace; and never more on thee
Shall bondage wait; but, as the thoughts of love,
Free shalt thou fly, unchainable and free;
And men, henceforth, shall call thee Liberty.

"Farewell, my friends! we part, no more to meet
As trampled worms; but we shall meet again
At God's right hand, and our Redeemer's feet!
And oft—how oft!—Meantime, your solemn strain
Shall roll from Shirecliffe's side, o'er vale and plain.
Oh, keep the seventh day holy, wheresoe'er
Ye be, poor sons of toil! sell not to those
Who sold your freedom, sell not for a sneer
Your day of rest; but worship God, where glows
The flame-tipp'd spire, or bloomsthe wild wood-rose.
Hallow this day to gladness! for, behold,
The spoilers watch, to steal your Sabbath too!

Shall seven days' toil for six days' bread be sold ? (8.)
Forget not yet land-butcher'd Peterloo !
Are ye not bread-tax'd ? What they did they do,
And then most treacherous when they holiest seem,
At your salvation here take deadliest aim.
Oh, trust them not ! but henceforth rightly deem
Of sordid fiends, who murder hope and shame,
And for a bread-tax, wrapp'd the world in flame.
Nor marvel, if athwart the exulting seas,
A steam-highway bring soon to their fire-sides
War, and its long inflicted miseries,
To plough them with the plough which havoc guides,
Despite their wide-wing'd sway o'er winds and tides.
Meantime, like wolves full gorged, they lick their jaws,
And, sick of prey, roll wide their eyes for more :
But from their black and crime-distended maws
Eject not yet the clotted gold and gore,
The price of souls, death-freed on many a shore."
He ceased—but still, while young and old retired,
Beneath the autumnal tree, and concave blue,
Stood, like the statue of a man inspired ;
And many an eye turn'd fondly back, to view
His face, more saint-like than e'er pencil drew.
Then gush'd his tears. He cast a lingering look
On farthest moors—dear scenes, remember'd well !
And thought of that lone church, and verdant nook
Where sleeps his mother, in the Alpine dell.
" I am alone," he said—and sigh'd, " Farewell ! "

Alone—but, oh, not unbeloved thou art!
Not undeplored, Miles Gordon, shalt thou sleep
In death's cold arms. Full many a manly heart
Shall weep o'er thee; the orphan'd five shall weep,
The mother of the fatherless shall steep
Thy shroud in tears, such tears as mothers shed
Nor shall the patriot bard refuse to pay
Melodious honours to the patriot dead,
And write above his narrow house of clay,
That all save righteous deeds must past away.
But shall they lay thy bones, oh, desert-born,
Where no wild bird hears infant rivers flow?
Oh, not beneath that cloud, which night would scorn,
Not in vile earth, where flowers refuse to grow,
"And vanity in sables mimics woe;"
Not in yon rank church-yard, where buried lie
Tyrant and slave, polluting still the air;
But where the rude heath hears the plover cry,
And swings the chainless cloud o'er summits bare;
There shouldst thou rest, thy heart was ever there;
There shouldst thou rest beneath the mountain wind,
Far from the pauper's grave, the despot's door;
Though few would seek thy home, and fewer find
Thy brief inscription on the shadow'd moor:—
"Here lies the preacher of the plunder'd poor."

THEY MET IN HEAVEN.

I.

THROUGH realms of ice my journey lay, beneath
The wafture of two pinions black and vast,
That shook o'er boundless snows the dust of death,
While over head, thick starless Midnight cast
Gloom on sad forms, that ever onward pass'd.
But whither passed they? Oh, Eternity,
Thou answerest not! Yet still thy sable wings,—
Silently, silently, how silently!—
Are sweeping worlds away, with all their Kings.
And still I wander'd with forgotten things,
In pilgrimage with Death, an age-long day,
A year of anxious ages—so methought—
Till rose a living world in morning grey,
And light seem'd born of darkness—light, which brought
Before my soul the coasts of land remote.

" Hail, holy light, offspring of heav'n, first-born,
Or of the eternal, co-eternal beam! "
Through worlds of darkness led, and travel-worn,
Again I felt thy glowing, brightening gleam,
Again I greeted thine ethereal stream,
And bless'd the fountain whence thy glories flow.

II.

I waked not then, methought, but wander'd slow,
Where dwell the great, whom death hath freed
from pain.
Trembling, I gazed on Hampden's thoughtful brow,
While Strafford smiled upon me in disdain,
And turn'd away from Hutchison and Vane.
There, some whom criminals disdain'd; and all
Who, battling for the right, had nobly died;
And some whom justest men deem'd criminal,
Wond'ring, I saw! the flatter'd, the belied!
And Muir, and Saville, walking side by side!
They wept—ev'n Strafford melted, when I told
Of Britain's woes—of toil that earn'd not bread,
And hands that found not work; but Fairfax scowl'd,
While Cromwell laugh'd, and Russell's cheek
grew red,
When, pale, I spake of Satraps bread-tax-fed.
Lo! as I ceas'd, from earth a Stranger came,
With hurried step—a presence heavenly fair!
Yet grief, and anger, pride, contempt, and shame,

Were strangely mingled in his troubled stare!
And thus he spoke, with timid, haughty air,
To Russell, Fairfax, in tones low but sweet:
"I too am noble. England's magnates rank
Me with themselves; and when, beneath their feet
Fate's low-born despot, hope-deserted, sank—
When torrid noon his sweat of horror drank—
I join'd his name for ever with my own!"

III.

Him then to answer, one who sate alone,
Like a maim'd lion, mateless in his lair,
Rose from his savage couch of barren stone,—
His Kingly features wither'd by despair,
And heart-worn till the tortur'd nerve was bare—
With looks that seem'd to scorn ev'n scorn of less
Than demigods, the Army-Scatterer came;
An awful shadow of the mightiness
That once was his; the gloom, but not the flame
Of waning storms, when winds and seas grow tame.
The stranger, shrinking from the warrior's eye,
On his own hands his beauteous visage bow'd,
Sobbing; but soon he rais'd it mournfully,
And met th' accusing look, and on the crowd
Smil'd, while the stern accuser spake aloud.

IV.

" Yet, Lordling*—though ' but yesterday a King,
Throneless, I died,'—yet nations sobb'd my knell!
And still I live, and reign, no nameless thing!
I fell, 'tis true—I failed; and thou canst tell
That any wretch alive may say I fell.
Of worth convicted, and the glorious sin
That wreck'd the angels, now I owe and pay,
To wealth and power's pretended Jacobin,
Scorn for thy glory, laughter for the lay
That won the flatteries of an abject day.
When Meanness taught her helots to be proud,
Because the breaker of their bonds was gone;
Didst thou, too, join, magnanimous and loud,
The yell of millions o'er the prostrate one?
What cat out-mew'd the Cat of Helicon?
Yes, thou didst soothe my sorrows with an ode,
When stunn'd I lay beneath Destruction's wing,
And realms embattled o'er their conqueror rode.
Yes, when a world combined with fate to fling
A cruel sunshine on each vulgar King;
When fall'n, deserted, blasted, and alone,
Silent he press'd his bed of burning stone,

* If it be objected to these lines that the great bard is dead, so, I answer, is also the great warrior; and he who has honest and useful thoughts to express of either, or both of them, should do his duty Briton-like.

What caitiff aim'd at greatness in despair,
Th' immortal shaft that pierc'd Prometheus there ?
Cat, and not vulture ! couldst not thou refrain,
The laureate vile of viler things to be ?
When ' Timour's Captive's' cage was rock and main,
What was ' proud Austria's mournful flower' to thee,
Thou soul-less torturer of Captivity ?
And what to thee, mean Homager of Thrones,
The sleepless pang that stung him till he died ?
Tortur'd, he perish'd—but who heard his groans ?
Chain'd through the soul, the ' throneless homicide,'
Mantled his agony in stoic pride.
While souls guilt-clotted watch'd, with others' eyes,
And from afar, with others' feet, repair'd
To count, and weigh, and quaff his agonies—
Like Phidian marble he endur'd, and dared
The Universe to shake what Fate had spared.
How fare the lands he lov'd, and fought to save ?
Oh, Hun and Goth ! your new-born hope is gone
Thou, Italy, art Glory's spacious grave,
Through which the stream of my renown flows on,
Like thine Euphrates, ruin'd Babylon !
What gain'd my gaolers by my wrongs and fall ?
Laws, prais'd in hell—not Draco's laws, but worse;
A mournful page, which history writes in gall;
A table without food—an empty purse;
A name, become a by-word and a curse,
O'er every sea, to warn all nations, borne !"

V

Was it the brightening gleam of heavenly morn,
Beneath the shadow of his godlike brow ?
Or, did a tear of grief, and rage, and scorn,
Down his sad cheek of pride and trouble, flow ?—
He felt upon his cheek th' indignant glow,
But shed no tear, not ev'n a burning tear.
The fire of sorrow in his bosom pent,
He gaz'd on Milton, with an eye severe,
On tranquil Pym a look of sternness bent,
Then, smiling on the humbled stranger, went
To laugh with Cæsar tasking Hannibal.

To

EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ,

WHO

Helped me when I was helpless, and unknown,

I beg leave to

DEDICATE

THIS POEM.

THE EXILE.

I.

DESCEND from heaven, proud prosperer! and, oh, give,
Still as thou journeyest, good to all that live!
Thou canst not—for on earth is known to none
The smile that is not sister to a tear :—
Man dreams of hope, but always wakes to fear.
World-lighting flambeau of that awful one
Whose greatness thought hath not conceived! thou bright
And ruby-hair'd similitude of might
Omniscient, yet invisible and lone,
The stillness of all power upon his throne,
The life of life, whose fountain none can tell!
Thou flarest o'er ocean's nation-girding streams
Fearless of change, as though, indeed, thy beams
Were of the eternal, uncreated light.
High, not secure; bright, not unchangeable;
Oh, couldst thou boast immutability,

Man's envious awe to worship thee would bow.
Thou eye of splendour! say, what dost thou see,
With that bright glance, above, around, below?
Unweeping pride, and pleasure only? No!
Vicissitude and ruin are to thee
Too, too familiar; and thou look'st on woe,
And feel'st no pity. But thyself shalt fade,
Extinguish'd, as a taper. He who made
Can unmake all things. He who reigns alone,
The sole unrivall'd! He, whose burning throne
Is wheel'd on suns, shall quench thee with a frown,
And cast thy dust beneath his axle down;
Crush'd, thou shalt roll no more. No wrinkle yet
Of age insults thy beauty. Thou art bright
As man's vain youth, with harlot joys beset,
Who says, while love, in ecstasy divine,
Seals his warm cheek with lips that glow like thine,
"*My* fortune shall be splendid as thy light."
Thou laughing parent of the woeful years!
Hence, with thy beams that mock the sorrowing heart!
In all thy pageantry of flame, depart!
And let me commune with sad night in tears.

II.

But day yet lingers in the gorgeous west,
O'er capes, that smile like islands of the bless'd;
His red orb biggens, as his beams retire,
And wide Patowmac undulates in fire:

While giant clouds, that o'er his hills aspire,
Curtain the setting sun, whose broad brow glows
As if he wish'd, gazing in transport deep,
To look sweet evening into blushing sleep,
And, ere he slumber'd, kiss her in repose—
Then sink to golden rest. Above thy tide,
Wild river, on the headlands at thy side,
With straining eye, the Exile Alfred stands,
And thinks, with fever'd soul, of distant lands;
Thinks of lov'd England, whence, by terror led,
Escaped from Worcester's fatal fight, he fled,
And sought in desert woods, o'er ocean cross'd,
To cherish life, when all its joys were lost.
Dear to that Exile now are memory's tales,
For now they speak of Avon's dewy dales,
Sweet scenes, whose pleasures he no more may share,
And her, his love, who mourns, deserted there.

III.

He saw eve's beamy purple fade away;
He watch'd the changeful clouds, till all was grey;
He started, " 'Twas the waving grass!" he said,
" I *am* not watch'd :—or, fluttering overhead,
Did the owl start the oriole from rest?—
The humming bird reposes on the flower;
Fragrance drinks freshness in her richest bower;
High roosts the turkey; on Patowmac's breast
The mallard sleeps; and, here the rattlesnake

Couch'd on his coils, the desert's deadly pest!
The bull-frog booms not yet; but accentless,
The listening wave doth not a pebble shake;
Nor doth a sound disturb the loneliness
Of Nature in her slumbers; nor a breeze
Skim o'er the boundless forest, to awake
The tempest-braving pine of centuries.
And while the stars, that guard the tranquil skies,
Look down in silence on the silent trees,
High on the mountain's azure crest the cloud
Lies, like a giant in his snowy shroud,
How silently! Haply, at this sweet hour
In England, to the purple-blossom'd heath
The sun-tann'd peat-man plods; while every bower
Weeps in the eye of morn, the drover wakes
With dewy locks, and, while his plaid he shakes
O'er crumpled grass, unbath'd by midnight shower,
Calls his tried dog, that lurks the thorn beneath,
Rous'd by whose voice, the bird that loves the sky
Sheds bright pearls from his clover canopy,
And, soaring, sings! And, o'er her fragrant pail,
More sweetly sings the milk-maid in the vale.
And the mist lessens on the distant sea:
And o'er the rocky grove the smoke curls slow;
And fair the halcyon is on writhen tree,
Whose giant arms stretch where the rock is riven;
But fairer far, on quivering waves below,
Are rock, tree, halcyon, and serenest heaven.

Oh, bless'd is he, who, arm'd with dusky gun,
Sees on Britannian wastes the moor foul run,
Or, flying, fall :—Oh, bless'd, who hears the bells
Sound o'er the dewy smile of Albion's dells,
While age, and youth, and blissful love repair
To sabbath service, country wake, or fair!
But is my injur'd Emma happy there?"

IV

He spake, in tears of sweetly mingled pain :
What, though the heart that nurses love is fain
To build in darkness his unsocial seat?
What, though he loves the desert-spirit's sigh?
The tear that visits seldom his sad eye,
Though life hath sweeter tears, may yet be sweet.
Pensive and pale, return'd he to his farm,
Where wealth was his, but not contentment's charm ;
And as, with pausing footsteps, he came near,
Sad tones, that spake of wither'd joys once dear,
Tones that his heart acknowledg'd, met his ear,
And retrospection drank of aconite.
A moment, blank he stood, then onward flew ;
But, as with lightning blasted, back he drew,
And, trembling, gaz'd—on what appalling sight?
No dusky daughter of the burning day,
Shrank from the slave-herd's whip, uplifted high ;
On no dark maid of fervid Africa
Gloated that scourger's Algerenian eye ;

But, born, where men are free, and maids are fair,
From happy Albion wafted o'er the wave,
And late arriv'd, a convict, and a slave,
Was she, for whose wild shriek he linger'd there;
And on her cheek of woe the rose had been.
To Alfred's tongue words came not; but there came
Strength to his arm, and to his spirit flame;
He rush'd the mourner and the pang between;
And, stunn'd beneath his blow, the slave-herd sank,
And rose, and fell, and rose again, and drank,
Not, with his eyes, his victims' starting blood,
But, coughing, drank his own, and ghastly stood.
Then faint, the convict totter'd to her shed;
Her sable sisters, weeping, stay'd her tread,
And laid on leaves of maize her languid head,
Where soon, by sad dreams visited, she slept,
And wildly, in her broken slumbers, wept.

V.

But Alfred slept not. On his spirit broke
A troubled light; and in his heart awoke
The power that smiles to see the gloom increase,
And, sleeping on the thunder, dreams of peace,
And holiest stillness,—the storm's angel, hope.
Oh, 'reft of her, could man, the insect, cope
With darkness, dread and danger? He arose,
Leaving the mattress of his pale unrest,
And walked into the cool and midnight air,

That whisper'd to the wildness of his breast,
Like spirit from the islands of repose,
And almost lull'd to sleep the demon Care.

VI.

Darkness was spread o'er half the sky. The moon
Slept on her sea of blue. The stars appear'd
To dream around her, in night's awful noon!
Wild lightnings, fluttering distant, fring'd with fire
The growing darkness of the wrathful west;
And, on sublime Patowmac's troubled breast,
Convolv'd in seeming agony and ire,
The red reflection, like a dragon burn'd.
And, though the coming thunder was not heard,
Yet, on the breezeless sky, perturb'd in dread,
The silent bear his gleaming eye-balls turn'd;
Hoarse croak'd the eagle on the mountain's head;
The buffalo, in ominous horror low'd;
The storm-fiend whisper'd from his desert cave;
The forest shudder'd; the tumultous cloud
Wander'd in heav'n; black roll'd the moaning wave.

VII.

Lone stood the cabin of the pallid slave;
And, through the door unclos'd, a pine-torch cast
Its wrinkling beam. With trembling knees, he pass'd
Before the wan light thrice, then stood to gaze.
She slumber'd still, and still she wept in sleep,

While o'er her sad face gleam'd the feeble blaze.
He enter'd, and he could not chuse but weep;
For, as he bent above her faded frame,
In murmuring accents faint, she sigh'd his name.
"Emma!" he said, but faulteringly he spoke,
And kiss'd her brow; again—and she awoke,
And shriek'd, and rose half up, convuls'd with fear,
Then, trembling, turn'd, and hid her face in shame.
But he, with soothing words, and many a tear,
Spake to her woe, bidding her yet be glad,
And question'd of her destiny severe,
And how, and why, she met a doom so sad?
She did not lift her eye—she fear'd to look
On him who talk'd of comfort—but it came;
For, like a sweet remember'd vision, stole
His tones of pity on her drooping soul;
Or, like the liquid music of the brook
To thirst's charm'd ear, when the unseen waters creep
Beneath the blossoming umbrage of the vale,
Among flowers dear to woe, that love to weep.
And thus, she told her melancholy tale,
While, o'er the hut, loud moan'd the increasing gale,
And nearer thunder chas'd the lightning pale.

VIII.

"Oh, thou art good!—I did not hope to hear
The voice of kindness in this land of fear,—
My love went to the war, and came not back;

Prince Charles, they said, was worsted in the strife:
Anxious, I watch'd, on expectation's rack;
But Alfred fled beyond the sea for life.
Soon I became—a mother!—not a wife!
My wrathful parents spurn'd me from their door.
Oh! cherish'd like the choicest garden flower,
And nurtured on the breast of tenderness,
And all unused to the evil hour,
How should their silk-clad daughter face distress?
Where should the out-cast Emma lay her head?
I sought, and found, a little lowly shed,
Where long we liv'd, resigned and calm, though poor:
My active needle earn'd our daily bread.
But, Sickness, then, by Famine follow'd, came:
My hungry boy look'd up for food, and pin'd!
My wearying task was profitless; my frame,
Enfeebled by disease, unnerv'd my mind.
I would not beg the alms of charity,
Nor ask the legal dole of paupery;
No, I did worse, far worse—Heav'n pardon me!
Thou wouldst not think that Emma once was fair;
Yet fair she was, or Envy's self hath lied:
And she had still some sweet and drooping charms;
But she had still some virtue, and some pride.
I turn'd abhorrent from Lust's venomous arms;
How *could* I clasp pollution to my heart?
I wept, and pray'd, but Want would not depart;
And my boy's asking look, so pale and sad,

Drove me, in one unhappy moment, mad.
No pitying daughter of the rich and free,
With angel looks, and bounty, came to me.
Oh, how I envied then the spotless maid,
Who pass'd me, blushing, and almost afraid!
Spurn'd by the base, scarce pitied by the good,
Affliction rush'd upon me, like a flood,
No aid without, and Want and Woe within;
Deserted—ah, no! left—by him I lov'd;
My life's life was that boy, the child of sin!
What mother's heart could see his tears, unmov'd?
I pawn'd the stolen silk!—detected—tried—
In the throng'd court I stood, half petrified,
And there was doom'd beyond the billowy tide,
On wild Columbia's shore of tears, to groan.

IX.

"As on the strand I stood,—and not alone,
But chain'd to others, like in crime and fate,
And female, too, though lost to female fears—
A man approach'd, more old in grief than years,
And kiss'd the fetter'd hand he bath'd with tears,
And, faultering, strove, but strove in vain, to speak.
Oh, he was chang'd! but Emma knew him well;
And with him came forgiveness, though too late.
But when he ask'd forgiveness of his child,
His guilty child, I thought my heart would break!
And when I bade him to my mother bear

A lock of hapless Emma's golden hair—
A kiss from one so lost—and pray'd him tell
If she, too, had the sinful one forgiv'n,
Oh, God! in more than agony, he *smil'd*,
He rav'd, amid his tears, in laughter wild!
'Emma,' he said, 'thy mother is in Heav'n,
Brought to the grave with sorrow—not by thee—
It was God's will! and none from sin are free.'
Again he kiss'd me, and he turn'd to go;
But no—poor Emma would not have it so;
He saw the boy on whom my sad eye fell,
And kiss'd my little Alfred—then—farewell!
I saw him not, but sobb'd, in sorrow blind,
And heard his faint 'God bless thee!' in the wind.

X.

"Ah, surely in that hour I should have died,
But that my boy clung fondly to my side,
And, not in vain, to soothe his mother tried!
Then came a thought which nature could not bear:
'What take him from me?' shriek'd my heart's despair.
But little Alfred left the land with me;
And, while the tall ship rush'd into the sea,
He sate, and smil'd upon his mother's knee,
Pleas'd with the sails, the motion, and the deep.
The billows seem'd to rock my cares to sleep.
Oh, there was comfort in the dreadful thought

That, far from happiest England, I should go,
Where none who knew me could behold my woe,
To taunt the shame that want and sin had brought;
And that the poor companions of my way
Were wretches, too, but I less vile than they!
I lov'd to sit upon the airy deck,
While swell'd the moonlight heav'ns, without a speck,
O'er ocean without wrinkle; and I lov'd,
While star-light only glimmer'd through the clouds,
And, arrow-like, and billow-borne, we mov'd,
To hear the fresh gale whistle in the shrouds,
And see the maned waves each other chase,
Like flaming coursers in the endless race;
Then, with delighted terror, from the prow,
High on the mountain billow's summit curl'd,
Down look'd I on the wat'ry vales below,
That, like a tenantless and hopeless world,
Barren and black, and deepening chilly, frown'd.
And on that far land, whither I was bound,
Enthusiast Hope beheld, nor whip, nor chains;
But hill and shadowy vale seem'd fairy ground.
And groves elysian deck'd the teeming plains;
And airy fingers form'd, with many a flower
Of dulcet breath, a visionary bower;
And there my fancy wander'd with my child,
And saw him strive, with lifted hand, to reach
The grape's dark luxury, or the glowing peach;

And Peace walk'd with us through the balmy wild,
Look'd on my tears, nor only look'd, but smiled.

XI.

"Oh, Heaven! thou shouldst, according to the load,
Apportion strength to bear it on the road!
My boy refus'd his food, forgot to play,
And sicken'd on the waters, day by day.
He smil'd more seldom on his mother's smile;
He prattled less, in accents void of guile,
Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,
Where I, not he, was doom'd to be a slave!
Cold o'er his limbs, the listless languor grew;
Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue;
Pale mourn'd the lily, where the rose had died,
And timid, trembling, clung he to my side.
He was my all on earth. Oh, who can speak
The anxious mother's too prophetic woe,
Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
And strives in vain to think it is not so?
Ah, many a sad and sleepless night I pass'd,
O'er his couch listening, in the pausing blast,
While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,
Droop'd wan Dejection, like a fading flower!
At length, my boy seem'd better, and I slept—
Oh, soundly! but, methought, my mother wept
O'er her poor Emma, and, in accents low,
Said, 'Ah! why do I weep? and weep in vain

For one so lov'd, so lost? Emma, thy pain
Draws to a close! ev'n now is rent in twain
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to woe.
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again!'
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she cross'd,
And, bending, kiss'd me, with her lip of frost.
I waked; and, at my side—oh! still and cold!—
Oh, what a tale that dreadful chillness told!
Shrieking, I started up, in terror wild;
Alas! and had I liv'd to dread my child?
Eager, I snatch'd him from his swinging bed;
His limbs were stiff—he mov'd not—he was dead!

XII.

"Oh, let me weep!—what mother would not weep,
To see her child committed to the deep?—
All lifeless, o'er his marble forehead roll'd,
The third night so his locks repose in gold.
Methinks, 'twas moonlight, and a torch cast wide
Its lanthorn'd radiance o'er the umber'd tide.
As wan on deck he lay, serenely fair,
And, oh, so like his sire! that man of care,
(From home, and hope, and all he lov'd, impell'd,)
Who ne'er his child, in life, or death, beheld,
And *could* not come, my breaking heart to share!
No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid,
Nor pink, nor rose, droop'd on his breast display'd,
Nor half-blown daisy, in his little hand.

Wide was the field around, but 'twas not land.
His features wore a sweet and pensive grace,
And death was beauty on his silent face.
No more his sad eye look'd me into tears!
Clos'd was that eye beneath his pale cold brow;
And on his calm lips, which had lost their glow,
But which, though pale, seem'd half unclos'd to speak,
Loiter'd a smile, like moonlight on the snow.
I gazed upon him still—not wild with fears—
Gone were my fears, and present was despair!
But, as I gazed, a little lock of hair,
Stirr'd by the breeze, play'd, trembling, on his cheek;
Oh, God! my heart!—I thought life still was there:
But, to commit him to his watery grave,
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners rave—
One, who strove darkly sorrow's sob to sway,
Uprais'd the body; thrice I bade him stay;
For still my wordless woe, had much to say,
And still I bent, and gazed, and, gazing, wept.
At last, my sisters, with humane constraint,
Held me, and I was calm, as dying saint;
While that stern weeper lowered into the sea
My ill-starr'd boy! deep—buried deep, he slept.
And then I look'd to heav'n in agony,
And pray'd to end my pilgrimage of pain,
That I might meet my beauteous boy again!
Oh, had he liv'd to reach this wretched land,

And then expir'd—I would have bless'd the strand.
But, where my poor boy lies, I may not lie;
I cannot come, with broken heart, to sigh
O'er his lov'd dust, and strew with flowers his turf:
His pillow hath no cover but the surf!
I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye
Near his cold bed; he slumbers in the wave!
Oh, I will *love* the sea, because it is his grave!"

XIII.

Weeping, she saw not him, whose swimming eye
O'er-flow'd with bitterness and agony:
But when he smote his breast, with frenzied force,
And, stamping, curs'd himself in dread remorse;
Then started she—as one who sleeps with pain
O'erwearied, starts awake, but sleeps again;
And soon, more calm, with alter'd voice, she said,
"Perhaps, my boy had liv'd, had Alfred stay'd!
Ah, wherefore fled he, hopeless and afraid?
And, ah, why fled not Emma at his side?
I on the scaffold would with him have died.
Without a look, a kiss, a tear, he went;
Unheard by Emma, every prayer he sent
To heav'n, (while grim Mischance stood by, and smil'd,)
To bless the mother of his unborn child!
Nor, after weeks, and months, and mournful years,
Did his dear letter, long, and stain'd with tears,

Bring to her bosom, o'er the waters wide,
Comfort and hope, which nought could bring beside!
Alas, he fled not, but at Worcester died!"

XIV

"Oh, blame him not!" exclaim'd the self-blam'd youth,
"If he has err'd, forgive his fault, forgive!
And canst thou doubt thy Alfred's love and truth?
And deem him false, who lives to bid thee live?
We both live, Emma, happier days to see;
Behold, 'tis Alfred's self, preserv'd for thee!
Come to my heart! thou still art all to me."

XV

Ah, clasp'd he death? or did she lifeless seem?
Slackening his grasp, he stoop'd, but heard no sigh!
Then paleness blush'd; and life's returning beam
Relum'd the faded azure of her eye.
Faintly she strove to clasp him to her side:
"Was it, indeed, my angel's voice?" she cried;
"And wilt thou take the convict to thy breast?
And shall the vile, the outcast, the oppress'd,
The poor and trodden worm, again be bless'd?
Ah, no, no—heav'n ordaineth otherwise!—
My love!—we meet too late! thy Emma dies."

XVI.

Then, with clasp'd hands, and fervent hearts dismay'd,
That she might live for him, both mutely pray'd.
But o'er their silence burst the heavy blast;
And, wrapp'd in darkness, the sky-torrent pass'd;
And down the giants of the forest dash'd;
And, pale as day, the night with lightning flash'd;
And, through aw'd heav'n, a peal, that might have been
The funeral dirge of suns and systems, crash'd:
More, dread, more near, the bright blue blaze was seen,
Peal following peal, with direr pause between.
On the wild light she turn'd her wilder eye,
And grasp'd his hands, in dying agony,
Fast, and still faster, as the flash rush'd by.
"Spare me!" she cried, "Oh, thou destroying rod!
Hark!—'tis the voice of unforgiving God!—
A mother murder'd, and a sire in woe!
Alfred, the deed was mine, for thee, for thee,
I broke her heart, and turn'd his locks to snow!
Hark!—'tis the roaring of the mighty sea!
Lo, how the mountain billows fall and rise!
And while their rage, beneath the howling night,
Lifts my boy's tresses to the wild moonlight,
Yet doth the wretch, th' unwedded mother live,
Who, for those poor unvalued locks would give
All, save her hope to kiss them in the skies!

But see!—he rises from his wat'ry bed,
And at his guilty mother shakes his head!
There dost thou see him, blue and shivering stand,
And lift at thee his little threatening hand!
Oh, dreadful!—Hold me!—catch me!—die with me!
Alas, that must not, and it should not be!
No—pray that both our sins may be forgiv'n;
Then come! and heav'n will—will, indeed, be heav'n!''

XVII.

He felt her slackening grasp his hand forego,
And grasp'd more firmly her's, in speechless woe.
Quiver'd her cheek, with death's convulsions streak'd:
Still gaz'd he—all was fix'd! he started up, and shriek'd.

XVIII.

No sound is heard, save of the brook encreas'd;
The weary cloud is still. The blast hath ceas'd
To rend the wildly fluctuating sky,
And tear the tall pine from his place on high.
Meek Quiet on the freshen'd verdure sleeps;
Less frequent, from the beauteous cedar weeps
The heavy rain-drop on the flower beneath;
And, fainter round the hills, the dying gale
Murmurs the requiem of departed night;

While, like less'd isles, the woods emerge in light,
In placid light, fair as the brow of death
O'er which that mourner bends, so lost and pale.
"Emma, how sweet the calm that follows storms!
How sweet to sleep in tears, and wake in heav'n!"
Morn soon will smile on nature's drooping charms,
And smoothe the tresses which the night hath riven;
But no sun shall arise that wretch to cheer;
Alas, his grief despairs, and hath no tear!
From heav'ns deep blue, the stars steal, one by one;
Pale fades the moon—still paler—she is gone.
As yet, no marshall'd clouds in splendour roll'd,
See, on Patowmac's breast their mirror'd gold;
Yet, eastward, lo! th' horizon, forest-fring'd,
Blushes—and dusky heights are ruby-ting'd!
Lo!—like a warrior in impatient ire,
On mailed steed, fire-scarf'd, and helm'd with fire,
Forth rides the sun, in burning beauty strong,
Hurling his bright shafts, as he darts along!
Oh, not more splendidly emerged the morn
When light, and life, and blissful love were born,
And day and beauty, ere his woes began,
Smil'd first Elysium on the soul of man,
And—while no cloud in stillest heav'n was seen—
O'er ocean's waveless magnitude serene,
Rose, all on flame his vital race to run,
In dreadless youth, how proudly rose that sun!
And, see! o'er Emma's still and snowy cheek

There comes a glow, ethereal, heav'nly, meek,
As if a lily blush'd to meet the light!
But what, wan Exile, may be said to thee?
Look'st thou on death? then death is fair to see.
The sun-beams mingle with her lifeless hair;
From her clos'd eye a tear is stealing slow;
Life seems to linger on the silence there,
Like fragrance in a gather'd rose of snow;
But, oh, that kiss of ice!—despair! despair!—
Ah, woods and waves, and heav'n and earth are bright;
But on the hopeless Exile's heart, 'tis night!

WHAT ART THOU, MIND?

TO THAT TRUE CHRISTIAN AND PATRIOT, THE REVEREND HENRY WRIGHTSON, THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

GRIEF, sages tell us, hath a drooping wing,
And loves to perch upon the shaken mind,
To which she sings notes like the muttering
Of wintry rivers in the wintry wind,
Till health flies wing'd away, and leaves behind
Shadows, illusions, dreams, and worse than dreams.
But Alfred dreams not—he is wide awake!
Light is around him, and the chime of streams;
Bees hum o'er sallows yet; and in the brake,
Coil'd like a chain of amethyst, the snake
Basks on the bank, above the streamlet's flow.
Oh, there are beauteous plumes, and many a bill,
And life, and love, beneath the ivy's bough!
The swallow dips his purple in the rill,
The lark sings in the cloud, and from the hill
The blackbird's song replies.—But Alfred's ear,
Nor splashing swallow hears, nor humming bee,

Nor warbling lark, nor ivy shaken near
By brooding thrush, nor breeze-borne melody
Of chiming streams. He listens mournfully
To accents which the earth shall hear no more
What art thou, Mind, that mirror'st things unseen,
Giv'st to the dead the smiles which erst they wore,
And lift'st the veil which fate hath cast between
Thee and the forms which are not, but have been?
What art thou, conscious power, that hear'st the mute,
And feel'st th' impalpable? Thy magic brings
Back to our hearts the warblings of the lute,
Which long hath slept with unexisting things!
And shall we stand, doubting immortal wings,
In presence of the angels? Ask the worm,
And she will bid thee doubt; yet she is meek,
And wise—for when earth shakes, she shuns thy form,
But never saw the morning on thy cheek,
The blue heav'n in thine eye, the lightning break
In laughter from thy lips. So, she denies
That colours are, even while the fragrant thorn
Blossoms above her! Weight, and shape, and size,
She says, are real; but she laughs to scorn
The gorgeous rainbow, and the blushing morn,
And can disprove the glory of the rose!—
Yet doth she err; our limbless sister errs;
For on thy cheek, oh Man! the morning glows,

And fair is heaven's bright bow. The wayside furze
Discredits her; the humblest weed that stirs
Its small green leaves, can undemonstrate all
Her proofs triumphant, that celestial light
Shines not at noon. But though the sunflower tall,
And tiniest moss, are clad in liveries bright,
Never, to her, canst thou disprove the night,
The starless night, in which she hath her home!
Then, marvel not, if death-bless'd spirits free
Wander, at times, beneath this heavenly dome,
On wings too bright for mortal eyes to see;
While, unperceived by them, as both by thee,
Forms, more seraphic still, around us fly,
And stoop to them and thee, with looks of love;
Or vainly strain the arch-angelic eye,
To gaze on holier forms above, above,
That round the throne of heaven's Almighty move.
Oh, look on Alfred! look!—the man is blind!
She whom he loved sleeps in her winding sheet,
Yet he beholds her, with the eyes of mind!
He sees the form which he no more shall meet,
But cannot see the primrose at his feet!
They mingle tears with tears, and sighs with sighs,
And sobs with sobs; but words, long time, have none;
She looks her soul into his sightless eyes,
And, like a passionate thought, is come and gone,
While at his feet, unheard, the bright rill babbles on!

To

My great Master,

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

Who,

Condescended to teach me the Art of Poetry.

I most respectfully

DEDICATE

THIS DRAMA.

BOTHWELL.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

SCENE—*Inside of a dungeon, in a fortress on the coast of Norway.* BOTHWELL *sleeping.* RHINVALT *gazing through the barred window on the rocks and stormy sea below.*

Rhin. Splendour in heaven, and horror on the main!
Sunshine and storm at once;—a troubled day.
Clouds roll in brightness, and descend in rain.
How the waves rush into the rocky bay,
Shaking th' eternal barriers of the land!
And ocean's face is like a battle plain,
Where giant demons combat hand to hand;
While, as their voices sink, and swell again,
Peace, listening on the rainbow, bends in pain.
Where is the voice, whose stillness man's heart hears,
Like dream'd-of music, wordless, soft, and low?
The voice, which dries on Sorrow's cheek her tears,

Or, lest she perish, bids the current flow?
That voice the whirlwind in his rage reveres;
It bids the blast a tranquil sabbath keep;
Lonely as death, harmonious as the spheres,
It whispers to the wildness of the deep,
'Till, calm as cradled babe, the billows sleep.
Oh, careless of the tempest in his ire,
Blush, ruby glow of western heav'n! Oh, cast
The hue of roses, steep'd in liquid fire,
On ocean in his conflict with the blast,
And quiver into darkness, and retire,
And let wild day to calmest night subside;
Let the tired sailor from his toil respire,
The drench'd flag hang, unmoving, o'er the tide,
And, pillow'd on still clouds, the whirlwind ride!
Then, queen of silence, robe thee, and arise,
And, through the barr'd loop of this dungeon old,
Visit, once more, its inmate's blasted eyes!
Let him again, though late, thy light behold!
Soulless, not sightless, have his eye-balls roll'd,
Alike, in light and darkness, desolate.
The storm beat on his heart—he felt no cold;
Summer look'd on him, from heaven's fiery gate—
Shivering, he scowl'd, and knew not that he scowl'd.
Unweeping, yet perturb'd; his bed a stone;
Bonds on his body; on his mind a spell;
Ten years in solitude, (yet not alone,)
And conscious only to the inward hell,

There hath it been his hideous lot to dwell.
But heav'n can bid the spirit's gloom depart,
Can chase from his torn soul the demon fell,
And, whispering, find a listener in his heart.
Oh, let him weep again! then, tearless dwell
In his dark, narrow home, unrung by passing bell!

[*A long pause. Loud thunder,—and, after an interval, thunder heard remote.*]

The storm hath ceas'd. The sun is set: the trees
Are fain to slumber; and, on ocean's breast,
How softly, yet how solemnly, the breeze,
With unperceiv'd gradation, sinks to rest!
No voice, no sound is on the ear impress'd;
Twilight is weeping o'er the pensive rose;
The stoat slumbers, coil'd up in his nest;
The grosbeak on the owl's perch seeks repose;
And o'er the heights, behold! a pale light glows.
Wak'd by the bat, up springs the startled snake;
The cloud's edge brightens—lo, the moon! and grove,
And tree, and shrub, bath'd in her beams, awake,
With tresses cluster'd like the locks of love.
Behold! the ocean's tremor slowly move
The cloud-like sails; and, as their way they urge,
Fancy might almost deem she saw, above,
The streamer's chasten'd hues: bright sleeps the surge,
And dark the rocks, on ocean's glittering verge.
Now lovers meet, and labour's task is done.

Now stillness hears the breathing heifer. Now
Heav'ns azure deepens; and, where rock rills run,
Rest on the shadowy mountain's airy brow
Clouds that have ta'en their farewell of the sun;
While calmness, reigning o'er that wintry clime,
Pauses and listens;—hark!—the evening gun!
Oh, hark!—the sound expires! and silence is sublime.
Moonlight o'er ocean's stillness! on the crest
Of the poor maniac, moonlight!—He is calm;
Calmer he soon will be in endless rest:—
Oh, be thy coolness to his brow as balm,
And breathe, thou fresh breeze, on his burning
breast!
For memory is returning to his brain;
The dreadful past, with worse than woe impress'd;
And torturing time's eternity of pain;
The curse of mind returns! oh, take it back again!
[*A long pause, during which, he bends anxiously over Bothwell.*]
Alas, how flutteringly he draws his breath!
Both. My blessed Mary!
Rhin. Calmer he appears
Sad, fatal symptom! swift approaches death.
Both. Mary! a hand of fire my bosom sears.—
Oh, do not leave me!—Heavenly Mary!—years,
Ages of torture pass'd—and thou can'st not;
I waited still, and watch'd, but not in tears;
I could not weep; mine eyes are dry and hot,

And long, long since, to shed a tear forgot.—
A word! though it condemn me!—stay!—she's gone!
Gone! and to come no more! [*He faints.*

Rhin. Ah, is it so?
His pilgrimage is o'er, his task is done,
How grimly still he lies! yet his eyes glow,
As with strange meaning. Troubled spirit, go!
How threat'ningly his teeth are clench'd! how fast
He clutches his grasp'd hair!—hush!—breathless?
No.
Life still is here, though withering hope be past:
Come, bridegroom of despair! and be this sigh his last.

Both. Where am I? What art thou?

Rhin. Call me a friend,
And this a prison.

Both. Voice of torture, cease!—
Oh, it returns!—terrific vision, end!—
When was it? Yesterday?—no matter—peace!
I do remember, and too well; too well!

Rhin. How is it with thee?

Both. Why wilt thou offend?—
Ha, all ye fiends of earth, and ye of hell,
I surely *am* awake! Thine angel send,
Thou, King of Terrors call'd, and break this hideous spell!

Rhin. A tear? and shed by thee?

Both. I breath'd in flame;

The sleepless worm of wrath was busy here;
When—ah, it was a dream!—my lady came,
Lovely and wan in woe, with the big tear
To cool my fever'd soul. In love and fear,
O'er me she bent, as at the Hermitage
When, (maim'd in conflict with the mountaineer,)
She kiss'd my wounds, while Darnley swell'd with rage;
Tears only! not a word! she fled—and I am here.
She fled; and then, within a sable room,
Methought, I saw the headsman and the axe;
And men stood round the block, with brows of gloom,
Gazing, yet mute, as images of wax;
And, while the victim moved to meet her doom,
All wept for Mary Stewart. Pale, she bent,
As when we parted last; yet, towards the tomb—
Calmly she look'd, and smiling prayers up sent
To pitying heav'n. A deep and fearful boom
Of mutter'd accents rose, when to the ground
The sever'd head fell bleeding! and, aghast,
Horror on horror star'd. And then a sound
Swell'd, hoarsely yelling, on the sudden blast,
As of a female voice that mimick'd woe;
But, as above that hall of death it pass'd,
'Twas changed into laugh, wild, sullen, low,
Like a fiend's growl, who, from heav'ns splendour cast,
Quaffs fire and wrath, where pain's red embers glow.

Do I not know thee? I'm forgetful grown:
Where did I see thee first?

Rhin. Here, even here;
Thy ten years' comrade—still to thee unknown.
In all that time thou didst not shed a tear
Until this hour. Raving, with groan on groan,
Thou spak'st of more than horror, and thy moan
Was torture's music. O'er thy forehead hot
Thine hands were clasp'd; and still wert thou alone,
Brooding o'er things that have been, and are not,
Though I was with thee, almost turn'd to stone,
Here, where I pin'd for twenty years before
Thy coming.

Both. Thirty years a prisoner!
Here, didst thou say?

Rhin. Aye, thirty years, and more.—
My wife!—oh, never may I look on her!
My children!

Both. Didst thou spill man's blood? or why?

Rhin. I spilt man's blood, in battle. Oh, no more,
Liberty, shall I breathe thy air, on high
Where the cloud travels, or along the shore
When the waves frown, like patriots sworn to die!—
I met th' oppressors of my native land,
(Wide wav'd their plumes o'er Norway's wilds afar,)
I met them, breast to breast, and hand to hand,
O'ercome, not vanquish'd, in the unequal war:
And this is Freedom's grave.

Both. Freedom? Thou fool,
Deserving chains! Freedom? a word, to scare
The sceptred babe. Of thy own dream thou tool
And champion, white in folly! from me far
Be rant like thine, of sound a senseless jar.

Rhin. Say, who art thou that rav'st of murdered Kings,
And dar'st, before her champion vow'd, profane
The name of freedom? Long forgotten things
To my soul beckon, and my hand would fain
(Stung by thy venom,) grasp a sword again
In battle with these tyrants!—Gone?—alas!
'Tis the death-rattle in the throat—his pain
Draws to a close—again?—dark spirit, pass!

Both. Lift, lift me up! that on my burning brain
The pallid light may shine! and let me see,
Once more, the ocean.—Thanks!—Hail, placid deep!—
Oh, the cold light is comfort! and to me
The freshness of the breeze comes, like sweet sleep
To him whose tears his painful pillow steep!—
When last I saw those billows, they were red.
Mate of my dungeon! Know'st thou why I weep?
My chariot, and my war horse, and my bed,
Ocean before me swells, in all its glory spread.
Lovely! still lovely nature!—and a line
Of quivering beams, athwart the wavy space,
Runs, like a beauteous road to realms divine,

Ending, where sea and stooping heav'n embrace.
Crisp'd with glad smiles is ocean's aged face;
Gemm'd are the fingers of his wrinkled hand;
Like glittering fishes, in the wanton race,
The little waves leap laughing to the land,
Light following light, an everlasting chase.
Lovely, still lovely!—Chaste moon, is thy beam
Now laid on Jedburgh's mossy walls asleep,
Where Mary pin'd for me? or dost thou gleam
O'er Stirling, where I first, in transport deep,
Kiss'd her bless'd hand, when Darnley bade her weep?
Or o'er Linlithgow, and the billows blue,
Where (captur'd on the forest-waving steep,)
She almost fear'd my love, so dear and true?
Or on that sad field, where she could but look adieu?

Rhin. Weep on! if thou, indeed, art he whose fame
Hath pierc'd th' oblivion even of this tomb
Where life is buried, and whose fearful name
Amazement loves to speak, while o'er thy doom,
Trembling he weeps. *Did* she, whose charms make tame
All other beauty, Scotland's matchless queen,
Creation's wonder, on that wither'd frame,
Enamour'd smile? Sweet tears there are, I ween

Speak then of her, where tears are shed more oft'
than seen.
Both. Perhaps, the artist might, with cunning
hand,
Mimic the morn on Mary's lip of love;
And fancy might before the canvas stand,
And deem he saw th' unreal bosom move.
But who could paint her heav'nly soul, which glows
With more than kindness? the soft thoughts that
rove
Over the moonlight of her heart's repose?
The wish to hood the falcon, spare the dove,
Destroy the thorn, and multiply the rose?
Oh, had'st thou words of fire, thou could'st not
paint
My Mary in her majesty of mind,
Expressing half the queen, and half the saint!
Her fancy, wild as pinions of the wind,
Or sky-ascending eagle, that looks down
Calm, on the homeless cloud he leaves behind;
Yet beautiful as freshest flower full blown,
That bends beneath the midnight dews reclin'd;
Or yon resplendent path, o'er ocean's slumber
thrown.
'Twas such a night—oh, ne'er, bless'd thought,
depart!—
When Mary utter'd first, in words of flame,

The love, the guilt, the madness of her heart,
While on my bosom burn'd her cheek of shame.
Thy blood is ice, and, therefore, thou wilt blame
The queen, the woman, the adulterous wife,
The hapless, and the fair!—Oh, but her name
Needs not thy mangling! Her disastrous life
Needs not thy curse! Spare, slanderer, spare her fame!
Then wore the heav'ns, as now, the clouded veil;
Yet mark'd I well her tears, and that wan smile
So tender, so confiding, whose sweet tale,
By memory told, can, even now, beguile
My spirit of its gloom! for then the pale
Sultana of the night her form display'd,
Pavilion'd in the pearly clouds afar,
Like brightness sleeping, or a naked maid
In virgin charms unrivall'd; while each star,
Astonish'd at her beauty, seem'd to fade,
Each planet, envy-stung, to turn aside,
Veiling their blushes with their golden hair.
Oh, moment—rich in transport, love, and pride!
Big, too, with woe, with terror, with despair!
While, wrestling thus, I strive to choak my groan,
And, what I cannot shun, may learn to bear,
That moment is immortal, and my own!
Fate from my grasp *that* moment cannot tear!
That moment for an age of torture might atone!

Poor Rizio of the flute, whom few bewail,
Worth Mary's tears, was well worth Darnley's hate.
Jealous again ! Why, who could e'er prevail,
Monarch or slave, in conflict with his fate ?
Behold the King of—Hear it not, chaste night !
King ! keep no monkey that has got a tail
In nought, but things emasculate, delight !
Let no fly touch her,—lest it be a male !
And, like the devil, infest a paradise in spite

Pride, without honour ! body, without soul !
The heartless breast a brainless head implies.
If men are mad, when passion scorns control,
And self-respect, with shame and virtue, flies,
Darnley hath long been mad.—Thou coxcomb rude !
Thou reptile, shone on by an angel's eyes !
Intemperate brute, with meanest thoughts imbued !
Dunghill ! would'st thou the sun monopolize ?
Wouldst *thou* have Mary's love ? for what ? Ingratitude.

The quivering flesh, though torture-torn, may live ;
But souls, once deeply wounded, heal no more :
And deem'st thou that scorn'd woman can forgive ?
Darnley, thou dream'st, but not as heretofore
Mary's feign'd smile, assassin-like, would gore ;
There is a snake beneath her sorrowing eye ;
The crocodile can weep : with bosom pore,

O'er thy sick bed she heaves a traiterous sigh :
Ah, do not hope to live ! she knows that thou shalt
die.

Yet, Mary wept for Darnley, while she kiss'd
His murderer's cheek at midnight. Sad was she ;
And he, who then had seen her, would have miss'd
The rose, that was not where it wont to be,
Or marvell'd at its paleness. None might see
The heart, but on the features there was woe.
Then put she on a mask, and gloomily—
For dance and ball prepar'd,—arose to go :
" Spare, spare my Darnley's life ! " she said,—
but mean'd she so ?

Now bends the murderer—Mark his forehead fell
What says the dark deliberation there ?—
Now bends the murderer—Hark !—it is a knell !—
Hark !—sound or motion ? 'Twas his cringing hair.
Now bends the murderer—wherefore doth he start ?
'Tis silence, silence that is terrible !
When *he* hath business, silence should depart,
And maniac darkness, borrowing sounds from hell.
Suffer him not to hear his throbbing heart !—
Now bends the murderer o'er the dozing king.
Who, like an o'er-gorg'd serpent, motionless,
Lies drunk with wine, a seeming-senseless thing.
Yet his eyes roll with dreadful consciousness,

Thickens his throat in impotent distress,
And his voice strives for utterance, while that wretch
Doth on his royal victim's bosom press
His foot, preparing round his neck to stretch
The horrible cord. Lo! dark as th' alpine vetch,
Stares his wide-open, blood-shot, bursting eye,
And on the murderer flashes vengeful fire;
While the black visage, in dire agony,
Swells, like a bloated toad that dies in ire,
And quivers into fixedness!—On high
Raising the corpse, forth into th' moonlight air
The staggering murderer bears it silently,
Lays it on earth, sees the fix'd eye-ball glare,
And turns, affrighted, from the lifeless stare.
Ho! fire the mine! and let the house be rent
To atoms!—that dark guile may say to fear,
'Ah, dire mischance! mysterious accident!
Ah, would it were explain'd! ah, would it were!'
Up, up, the rushing, red volcano went,
And wide o'er earth, and heav'n, and ocean flash'd,
A torrent of earth-lightning sky-ward sent;
O'er heav'n, earth, sea, the dread explosion crash'd;
Then, clattering far, the downward fragments dash'd.
Roar'd the rude sailor o'er th' illumin'd sea,
"Hell is in Scotland!" Shudder'd Rolin's hall;
Low'd the scar'd heifer on the distant lea;
Trembled the city; shriek'd the festival;
Paus'd the pale dance from his delighted task;

Quak'd every masker of the splendid ball;
Rais'd hands unanswer'd questions seem'd to ask;
And there was one who lean'd against the wall,
Close pressing to her face, with hands convuls'd, her mask.
And night was *after* that, but *blessed* night
Was never more! for thrilling voices cried
To th' dreaming sleep, on th' watcher's pale affright,
'Who murder'd Darnley? Who the match applied?
Did Hepburn murder Darnley?'—'Fool!' replied
Accents responsive, fang'd with scorpion sting,
In whispers faint, while all was mute beside,
''Twas the queen's husband that did kill the king!'
And o'er the murderer's soul swept horror's freezing wing.

Rhin. Terrific, but untrue!—*Have* such things been?
Thy looks say aye! and dire are they to me.
Unhappy king! and more unhappy queen!
But who the murderer?

Both. What is that to thee!
Think'st thou *I* kill'd him? Come but near my chain,
Thou base suspector of scath'd misery!
And I will dash the links into thy brain,
And lay thee (champion of the can't-be-free!)
There, for thine insolence—never to rise again.

(He faints.

Rhin. Alas, how far'st thou now? Darkness hath chas'd
The dreadful paleness from thy face; thine eye,
Upturn'd, displays its white; thy cheek is lac'd
With quivering tortuous folds; thy lip, awry,
Snarls, as thou tear'st the straw; the speechless storm
Frowns on thy brow, where drops of agony
Stand thick and beadlike; and, while all thy form
Is crumpled with convulsion, threat'ningly
Thou breathest, smiting th' air, and writhing like a worm.

Both. Treason in arms!—Sirs, ye are envious all.
To Mary's marriage did ye not consent?
Do you deny your signature—this scrawl
Of your vile names? True, I do not repent
That I divorc'd my wife to wed the queen;
True, I hate Mar; true, I scorn Huntley's bawl;
True, I am higher now than I have been—
And will remain so, though your heads should fall.
Craig, of the nasal twang, who pray'st so well!
Glencairn, of th' icy eye, and tawny hide!
If I am prouder than the prince of hell,
Are ye all meanness that ye have no pride?
My merit is my crime. I love my sword,
And that high sin for which the angels fell:
But still agrees my action with my word;

That your's does *not* so, let rebellion tell.
Submit! or perish here! or elsewhere—by the cord.

My comrades, whose brave deeds my heart attests,
Be jocund!—But, ah, see their trembling knees!
Their *eyes* are vanquish'd—not by th' tossing crests,
But by yon rag, the pestilence o' th' breeze,
Painted with villainous horror! In their breasts
Ardour and manliness make now with fear
A shameful treaty, casting all behests
That honour loves, into th' inglorious rear.
By heav'n, their cowardice hath sold us here!
Ha! dastards, terror-quell'd as by a charm,
What! steal ye from the field?—My sword for thee,
Mary! and courage for his cause! *this* arm
Shall now decide the contest!—Can it be?
Did Lindsay claim the fight?—and still lives he?
He lives, and I to say it. Hell's black night
Louer'd o'er my soul, and Darnley scowl'd on me,
And Mary would not let her coward fight,
But bade him barter all for infamy!
Dishonour'd, yet unburied! Morton's face
Wrinkled with insult; while, with cover'd brow,
Bravest Kirkaldy mourn'd a foe's disgrace;
And Murray's mean content was mutter'd low.
Pale, speechless, Mary wept, almost asham'd
Of him she mourn'd. Flash'd o'er my cheek the glow

Of rage against myself; and undefam'd,
Worse than my reputation, and not slow,
I left my soul behind, and fled in wordless woe.

Then ocean was my home, and I became
Outcast of human kind, making my prey
The pallid merchant; and my wither'd name
Was leagued with spoil, and havock, and dismay;
Fear'd, as the lightning fiend, on steed of flame,
The Arab of the sky. And from that day
Mary I saw no more. Sleepless desire
Wept; but *she* came not, even in dreams, to say,
(Until this hour,) 'All hopeless wretch, expire!'

Rhin. A troubled dream thy changeful life hath been
Of storm and splendour. Girt with awe and power,
A Thane illustrious; married to a queen;
Obey'd, lov'd, flatter'd; blasted in an hour;
A homicide; a homeless fugitive
O'er earth, to thee a waste without a flower;
A pirate on the ocean, doom'd to live
Like the dark osprey! Could Fate sink thee lower?
Defeated, captur'd, dungeon'd, in this tower
A raving maniac!

Both. Ah, what next? the gloom
Of raiseless fire eternal, o'er the foam
Of torment-uttering curses, and the boom
That moans through horror's everlasting home!

Woe, without hope—immortal wakefulness—
The brow of tossing agony—the gloam
Of flitting fiends, who, with taunts pitiless,
Talk of lost honour, rancorous, as they roam
Through night, whose vales no dawn shall ever bless!—
Accursed who outlives his fame!—Thou scene
Of my last conflict, where the captives chain
Made me acquainted with despair, serene
Ocean, thou mock'st my bitterness of pain,
For thou, too, saw'st me vanquish'd, yet not slain!
Oh, that my heart's blood had but stain'd the wave,
That I had plung'd, never to rise again,
And sought in thy profoundest depths a grave,
Where calmness cannot hear, or storm or battle rave!

White billow, know'st thou Scotland? did thy wet
Foot ever spurn the shell on her lov'd strand?
There hast thou stoop'd, the sea-weed grey to fret—
Or glaze the pebble with thy chrystal hand?
I am of Scotland. Dear to me the sand
That sparkles where my infant days were nurs'd!
Dear is the vilest weed of that wild land
Where I have been so happy, so accurs'd!
Oh, tell me, hast thou seen my lady stand
Upon the moonlight shore, with troubled eye,

Looking towards Norway? did'st thou gaze on her?
And did she speak of one far thence, and sigh?
Oh, that I were, with thee, a passenger
To Scotland, the bless'd Thule, with a sky
Changeful, like woman! would, oh, would I were!
But vainly hence my frantic wishes fly.—
Who reigns at Holyrood? Is Mary there?
And does she sometimes shed, for him once lov'd,
a tear?

Farewell, my heart's divinity! To kiss
Thy sad lip into smiles of tenderness;
To worship at that stainless shrine of bliss;
To meet th' elysium of thy warm caress;
To be the prisoner of thy tears; to bless
Thy dark eye's weeping passion; and to hear
The word, or sigh, soul-toned, or accentless,
Murmur for one so vile, and yet so dear—
Alas, 'tis mine no more!—Thou hast undone me,
Fear!

Champion of Freedom, pray thee, pardon me
My laughter, if I now can laugh! (in hell
They laugh not)—he who doth now address thee
Is Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell.—Hark! my knell!
The death-owl shrieks it.—Ere I cease to fetch
These pantings for the shroud, tell me, oh, tell

Believ'st thou God?—Blow on a dying wretch,
Blow, wind that com'st from Scotland!—Fare-thee-well!
The owl shrieks—I shall have no other passing-bell.
Rhin. As from the chill bright ice the sun-beam flies,
So, (but reluctant,) life's last light retires
From the cold mirror of his closing eyes:
He bids the surge adieu!—falls back—expires!
No passing-bell? Yea, I that bell will be;
Pale night shall hear the requiem of my sighs;
My woe-worn heart hath still some tears for thee;
Nor will thy shade the tribute sad despise.
Brother, farewell!—Ah, yes!—no voice replies:
But my tears flow, albeit in vain they flow,
For him who at my feet so darkly sleeps;
And Freedom's champion, with the locks of snow,
Now fears the form o'er which he sternly weeps.
An awful gloom upon my spirit creeps.
My ten years comrade! whither art thou fled?
Thou art not here! Thy lifeless picture keeps
Its place before me, while, almost in dread,
I shrink, yet gaze, and long to share thy bed.
(He retires to a corner of the dungeon farthest from the corpse, and there continues to gaze upon it, in silence.)

PREFACE.

THE World before the Flood has furnished four English poets with noble subjects for poetry.

'The Paradise Lost' is totally unlike all the poetry that has followed it. Even in the controversial metaphysics of his poetry Milton has found no rival; and although Byron, in his 'Cain,' has combined tenderness the most touching with a lofty sublimity, still it may be said, with truth, of the Bard of our Republic, that he has never been imitated.

Byron's 'Heaven and Earth,' which has furnished me with a title, is full of passages which none but he could have written; and it also affords some instances of the facility with which the noble bard could extract honey from any flower, or weed, however humble. He has transcribed, almost literally, the dying words of Eugene Aram: 'What am I better than my fathers? —death is natural and necessary.' He was no dramatist, but he knew how to borrow from a page which he could not have written; and in this instance he borrowed wisely. The human heart in despair furnished him with a truth which Bacon wrote long before; but Bacon wrote it unendangered and not so well.

'The Loves of the Angels' is an invaluable gem, which will rank, not with the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' but with the 'Rape of the Lock.' Sometimes, indeed, we cannot help thinking that the author might have perriwigged his angels with advantage. But I beg pardon—it is no longer fashionable for young coxcombs to wear wigs.

Montgomery's 'World before the Flood' is deficient in action, and does not contain one well-drawn character. But the incidents are unequalled in permanent interest. Perhaps there is nothing in all poetry superior to the passage which describes the return of Cain, 'when young and old went forth to meet their sire.' I think the poem is too spiritual; mine, on the contrary, 'is of earth, earthy.' But while the eagle soars to the sun, the dog may breathe pure air on the mountains below; and whether he be the humble friend of the beggar or the prince, still it is with man that he is familiar.

If it is asked, why I presume to choose ground, which has already occupied all that is transcendent in genius; I answer, that I choose it for that very reason. I may reasonably think that Raphael can have no equal as a painter; but if Correggio had thought so, he could not with truth have said, 'And I, too, am a painter!' Perhaps there is nothing in art which the human mind will not yet surpass, except the master-pieces of Shakspeare. What! not the sublimity of Milton? No, Milton has not surpassed Dante. But who can hope o surpass the heart-crushing pathos of Byron? Ford

equalled that pathos; and who reads him? But Correggio did not surpass Raphael. True; and what then? My book, however contemptible it may be, will perhaps be better than it could have been, had I not determined to write with glorious examples before me, and in the presence, as it were, of the conquerors of Time.

A domestic critic has objected to one of the human actors in my drama of annihilation, that his actions will be opposed to his nature. But habit is a second nature, which sometimes supersedes the first, as the retouchings of a dauber can amend into discord the silent eloquence of a fine painting. In representing Baalath as naturally one of the best and noblest of human beings, my intention is to show how the exercise of despotic power perverts such natures, and compels us to reap from them calamity, instead of blessing.

I have, also, been seriously warned, that some of my characters are unscriptural, and therefore improper. I hope they are not liable to this objection. The characters alluded to are four. The one most blamed is Timna, the spirit of Abel; in whom I have wished to personify that power which is called genius. No fact being better established than that every great improvement in the condition of the human race may be traced to some mechanical invention, much of the interest of the story is founded on this fact, and on the meetings of Timna with his brother Cain, who, under the name of Shemeber, wanders homeless on the earth, deploring and suffering the consequences of his crime, yet doom-

ed to die only with the world in which he became the first homicide. I am also blamed for giving virtues to Jambres, one of the fallen angels. Formed for incessant action, it was once his office and his delight to accompany and control the comets in their courses; but doomed, for his revolt, to watch the gates of Eden, he steals thence, at times, to gaze unseen on the widowed Zillah, whom he loves with a pure and passionate affection, and to whose lifeless form he clings in despair, when it floats on the waters which have entombed man and his works. But the great fault of my subject is, I confess, the supposed necessity of destroying the world, in consequence of the wickedness of its inhabitants. Did the Creator do his work imperfectly? He could, or he could not, have prevented the catastrophe. After all, this is the great metaphysical difficulty, founded on the existence o evil, into which all other difficulties resolve themselves, when we attempt, with our limited faculties, to unveil the inscrutable. It is, however, a difficulty which must be met—it cannot be evaded: I have, therefore, endeavoured to represent, in the character of Joel, Christ the Creator, and future Redeemer, first trying to avert, and then, with almost human sympathy, deploring the inevitable ruin of the work of his hands. For part of this conception, I have the poetical authority of Milton; and it is not, I hope, though I am told it is, theologically objectionable.

SPIRITS AND MEN.

AN EPIC POEM.

BOOK I.

I SING of men and angels, and the days
When God repented him that he had made
Man on the earth: when crimes alone won praise
When the few righteous were with curses paid,
And none seem'd vile as they whom truth betray'd
Till hope despair'd her myriad sons to save,
And giant sin fill'd up their universal grave.

But these—are these the flowers of Paradise,
That bloom'd when man before his Maker stood,
Off'ring his sinless thoughts in sacrifice?—
Flowers, ye remind me of rock, vale, and wood,
Haunts of my early days, and still lov'd well:
Bloom not your sisters fair in Locksley's dell?

And where the sun, o'er purple moorlands wide,
Gilds Wharncliffe's oaks, while Don is dark below ?
And where the blackbird sings on Rother's side ?
And where Time spares the age of Conisbro' ?—
Sweet flowers, remember'd well ! your hues, your
breath,
Call up the dead, to combat still with death :
The spirits of my buried years arise !
Again a child, where childhood rov'd I run ;
While groups of speedwell, with their bright blue
eyes,
Like happy children, cluster in the sun.
Still the wan primrose hath a golden core ;
The millfoil, thousand-leaf'd, as heretofore,
Displays a little world of flow'rets grey ;
And tiny maids might hither come to cull
The woe-mark'd cowslip of the dewy May ;
And still the fragrant thorn is beautiful.
I do not dream ! Is it, indeed a rose,
That, yonder in the deep'ning sunset, glows ?
Methinks the orchis of the fountain'd world
Hath, in its well-known beauty, something new.
Do I not know thy lofty disk of gold,
Thou, that still woo'st the sun, with passion true ;
No, splendid stranger ! haply, I have seen
One not unlike thee, but with humbler mien,
Watching her lord. Oh, lily, fair as augh
Beneath the sky, thy pallid petals glow

In evening's blush ; but evening borrows nought
Of thee, thou rival of the stainless snow—
For thou art scentless. Lo ! this finger'd flower,
That round the cottage window weaves a bower,
Is not the woodbine ; but that lowlier one,
With thick green leaves, and spike of dusky fire,
Enamour'd of the thatch it grows upon,
Might be the houseleek of rude Hallamshire,
And would awake, beyond divorcing seas,
Thoughts of green England's peaceful cottages.
Yes, and this blue-ey'd child of earth, that bends
Its head, on leaves with liquid diamonds set,
A heavenly fragrance in its sighing sends ;
And though 'tis not our downcast violet,
Yet might it, haply, to the zephyr tell,
That 'tis belov'd by village maids as well.
Thou little, dusky crimson-bosom'd bird,
Starting, but not in fear, from tree to tree,
I never erst thy plaintive love-notes heard,
Nor hast thou been a suppliant erst to me
For table crumbs, when winds bow'd branch and stem,
And leafless twigs form'd winter's diadem :—

No, thou art not the bird that haunts the grange,
Storm-pinch'd, with bright black eyes and breast
of flame.
I look on things familiar, and yet strange,
Known, and yet new, most like, yet not the same.

I hear a voice, ne'er heard before, repeat
Songs of the past. But nature's voice is sweet,
Wherever heard; her works, wherever seen,
Are might and beauty to the mind and eye;
To the lone heart, though oceans roll between,
She speaks of things that but with life can die;
And while, above the thundering Gihon's foam
That cottage smokes, my heart seems still at home,
In England still—though there no mighty flood
Sweeps, like a foaming earthquake, from the clouds;
But still in England, where rock-shading wood
Shelters the peasant's home, remote from crowds,
And shelter'd once as noble hearts as e'er
Dwelt in th' Almighty's form, and knew nor guilt, nor fear.

How like an eagle, from his mile-high rock,
Down swoops the Gihon, smitten into mist
On groaning crags, that, thunder-stunn'd, resist
The headlong thunder, and eternal shock,
Where, far below, like ages with their deeds,
The wat'ry anarchy doth foam and sweep!
Now wing'd with light, which winged gloom succeeds;
Now beautiful as hope, or wild and deep
As fate's last mystery; now swift and bright
As human joy, then black as horror's night!
And high above the torrent, yet how near,

The cottage of the woodman, Thamar, stands,
Gazing afar, where Enoch's towers appear,
And distant hills, that look on farther lands.
Beautiful cottage! breathe thy air of balm,
Safe, as a sleeping cloud, when heaven is calm!
Smile, like an exiled patriot, on the bed
Of death, with not a friend to close his eyes!—
Smile in the brightness of the sunset red,
On all that pride strives vainly to despise!
Beautiful cottage! with an earnest tear,
My soul hath sworn, grief never enter'd here.
Have I then found on earth the long-sought heav'n,
Where man's associate, Sorrow, never came,
Where humbled sin ne'er wept to be forgiven,
And falsehood's cheek ne'er blush'd with truth and shame?
Alas! lone cottage of the mountain's brow!
All that wan grief can teach thine inmates know.
I look upon the world before the flood
That vainly swept a sinful race away:—
Vainly, if tyrants still disport in blood;
If they who toil are still the spoiler's prey;
If war, waste, want, rebellion, now, as then,
Rave over nations, grown in folly grey;
And earth, beneath the feet of hopeless men,
Still groaning, cries, "Redemption cometh!"—when?

Oh, World before the Flood, thou answer'st not,
Though, still importunate, I question thee!
Shall I, then, paint thee, as thou seem'st afar,
Seen through the mist of years, a moral blot,
Too like the world that is, and long may be?
Spirits and men! Spirits that were and are!
Though worlds grow old in darkness, I will write
The drama of your deeds, with none to aid,
And none to praise my song; not ill repaid
Ev'n by the pleasing labour of my choice;
And, haply, not in vain I lift my voice,
Intent to teach the future by the past,
If truth, like death, long shun'd, is met at last.

Yes, lonely cottage of the mountain's brow,
All that wan grief can teach thine inmates know;
For on thy humble pallet Thamar sleeps,
And Zillah dares not hope he yet will wake:
Pale, with her children, by his side she weeps.
Yet, yet he shall revive, and speak, and take
A last farewell of her, so true and dear,
Who watches him in hope—ah, no! in fear!
The victim of a dungeon's heavy breath,
And the rack's torture; doom'd in youth to death,
Because he dar'd, with millions tame too long,
To murmur at misrule, too long endur'd;
Six years chain'd down in Enoch's dungeons strong;
Releas'd by seeming mercy, yet secur'd

By cunning vengeance, while it but set free
The thrall whom death had mark'd for liberty.
Unconscious of all strife, he struggles now;
But Zillah feels the pang that knits his brow.
Oh, how intensely still she bends above
The sire of children not yet fatherless!
Did not his lip, his bosom, feebly move?
Did he not faintly sigh? Oh, happiness!
He breathes—for her he looks, (but long in vain,)
Who would not quit, for worlds, that scene of pain;
And she bends o'er him speechless. How he tries
To utter her dear name! Strong spasms control
His tongue; but while the half-form'd accent dies,
His eyes meet her's, and soul is mix'd with soul;
A thousand thoughts, the feelings of long years,
Are mingled in wild joy, that hath no words, no tears!

Words came, at length, and tears were wildly shed.
"I die at home, and thou art here," he said;
"But though, releas'd, I die at home, and feel
Thy warm tears, Zillah, on my bosom cold,
Think not, that aught but fire can soften steel,
Or that, in pity, wolves relax their hold.
Oh, I have dream'd of vollied seas, and fire,
Sad retribution, haply, yet to be!
The tyrant's power and will obey a higher;
And vain is human strife with destiny.

Know, from thy womb the destin'd twain have sprung,
On whom the fate of this doom'd world is hung.
Oh, may their deeds, magnanimous and just,
Cancel the crimes of ages, and retrieve
The fainting hopes of man, when I am dust!—
For I must leave thee, Eva! I must leave
Thee, my brave boy! Your sire is summon'd hence
To join Mahali, whom his innocence
Could not defend or rescue; if, indeed,
My ill-starr'd father live not yet, fast bound
In torturing dungeons, whose slow pangs exceed
All other pangs. But, ah! what mists surround
My swimming brain?—what means this sudden gloom?
Take not my children from me ere I die!
I cannot see your faces. Nearer come,
Irad, yet nearer. Eva, art thou nigh?
Zillah, thy hand—my poor ill-fated one!
I see a shade resembling thee—'tis gone!'

He ended, and with closing eyes, that seem'd
Unwillingly to veil their orbs, bereav'd
Of that fair form, on which their last glance beam'd,
Sank into gentlest slumber, unperceived.
But still she listen'd, still gazed on the clay
That, mocking life, yet mute as marble, ay!
And watch'd his darkening paleness, in despair.

He died in manhood's prime, nor had slow pain
Marr'd all his manly beauty; no grey hair
Reproach'd his auburn locks. Could she refrain
From cruel hope? Ah, yes: she stooping stood,
And felt in all its woe her widowhood.
She ask'd no wings, to bear her soul above,
Although her dream of earthly bliss was o'er;
But on the lips, that smil'd in lifeless love,
She press'd a lip, which thenceforth smil'd no more.
She stood like Sorrow watching on a tomb.
The beauteous woe, that charm'd as shaded light,
The cheek, yet young, that knew no youthful bloom,
Well suited her dark brow, and forehead white;
And in the sad endurance of her eye
Was all that love believes of woman's majesty.

Could such a pair as this be born to bring
Creatures of toil into a world of woe?—
From such a stock undying patriots spring,
As Enoch's rebel-lord too soon may know;
For long misrule prepares the dreadful way
Of him who brings to Baalath dismay.
While at her mother's side pale Eva bends,
And mourns her sire, with soul-appaling cries,
Even now, the son of lifeless Thamar sends
Half-utter'd threats of vengeance with his sighs.
He longs to snatch the jav'lin from the wall;
In age a boy, in soul a man; and tall

Beyond his years; his weeping eyes flash fire:
He feels within what power assails in vain;
His sobs repeat the last words of his sire;
He sees but Thamar's wrongs, Mahali's chain!
Man of the future! thou wilt do or die,
And deathless is thy wish, "Revenge and liberty!"

Midnight was past. The children of the dead
Slept:—but the widow kiss'd his stiff'ning form,
Laid out his limbs, and wept; then o'er him threw
Her snowy bridal robe, and like a worm,
Sank on his breast, convuls'd, but not in pain.
Lo, when she wak'd to thought and grief again,
A beauteous blue-ey'd youth before her stood,
With golden ringlets, and an angel's grace,
And all the sweetness of the fair and good,
And more than mortal sorrow in his face;
On his young cheek th' unfaded rose was white,
And from his sodden hair the rain of night
Dripp'd. "Give me shelter till the morn," he cried;
"I'm tir'd and cold."

Zillah. Whence com'st thou, pallid one?

Timna. From Eden's forest, where the spectres glide.

Zil. Where is thy home?

Tim. In heaven! or I have none.

Zil. Where are thy parents?

Tim. Here no love-taught bird

Is motherless like me. But thou hast heard
My father whisper ; and it shakes th' abode
Of the archangels.

Zil. Tell me, hast thou, then,
No friends ?

Tim. Yes, many friends ; the great, good God,
The sinless spirits, and all righteous men.

Zil. Where dwell'st thou ?

Tim. Every where. By summer floods
I sleep. I am the guest of all the woods,
And dine in caves that give the viper birth :
The clouds look on me from the hurried sky ;
(They know their homeless brother of the earth)
And all the winds accost me as they fly,
Still wandering with me through the desert, glad.

Zil. Who art thou?

Tim. I am Timna, call'd the sad,
Because fond mothers still are doom'd to see
Their most unhappy sons resemble me ;—
Timna, at whose approach dull spirits flee ;
Who sits beneath the roof of amethyst,
And treads the spacious, mountain-broider'd floor :
From courts, and palaces, with scorn dismiss'd,
Nor always welcom'd by the friendless poor ;
But all the children of the forest know
The leveret's playmate, the lark's bed-fellow.

Instinctively the wond'ring widow took

The fragment of a loaf, her precious hoard,
Down from its shelf, and pausing, with a look
Of thoughtful sadness, laid it on the board.
"Nay," said the youth, "I want not food, but rest!"
Then bounded into bed, and slept on Irad's breast.
But Zillah slept not. Till the morning broke,
She watch'd, in desolation and despair,
Senseless to all but woe. The guardian oak
Moan'd o'er the roof it shelter'd; the thick air
Labour'd with doleful sounds; the night-bird shriek'd
Thrice; the expiring embers harshly creak'd;
And with strange boom mourn'd Gihon's bordering wood,
Unheard by her; while on the hearth-stone grey,
The cricket of the world before the flood
Bounded unseen. But, when the infant day,
(While the low casement's leaves, and flowers all shook
In the fresh breeze,) darted a bright'ning look
On the poor cottage, and with rosy beam,
Lit up into a smile the features pale
Of the stiff corpse, she started, with a scream,
Like one who feels the earth beneath him fail;
For, like a sweet but gather'd flower, life seem'd
To linger yet with silence and decay.
But on dark orbs the golden morning beam'd;
And on the dead the lifeless blush still lay
So fair, so life-like, that despair was fain—
No, not to hope, but yet to weep again.

She wept, she look'd—and, lo, her children rose
Companionless! "Where is the pensive one,
Who, on my Irad's breast, in sweet repose,
Lay like a flower?" The stranger youth was gone!
Zillah, in fear and wonder, gazed around;
But Timna, the lost wanderer, was not found.
"Then, hath a vision, beautiful as truth,
Deceived thee, Zillah, in the shadowy night?
Was it a dream? and did no angel youth,
Shake from his dripping hair the liquid light,
And utter unimaginable things?
Came he, indeed, like a strange bird, whose wings
Blaze with unearthly hues that on the mind
Cast a bewildering glare? Or doth mine eye
See forms, to which untroubled hearts are blind?"
Perplex'd, and wonder-stricken, silently
She ponder'd thus; while, through the open door,
Swift Irad ran tow'rds Gihon's wooded shore,
Not without purpose; for, amid the trees,
As from the heights his rapid way he bent,
His bright curls trembling backward from the breeze,
He saw the wond'rous youth, and wond'ring went
To meet him. Hand in hand, along the lawn,
Lovely alike, they came. A lifeless fawn
Upon the board the graceful stranger threw;
Laid on the floor his quiver and his bow;
Dash'd from his bare and snowy feet the dew;
Strok'd back the golden ringlets from his brow;

And look'd like morn, with eyes of azure light.
" Know ye," he said, " the wanderer of the night?
Lo, he who feeds the wren, hath sent ye food!
Behold the hunter, who in darkness finds
Paths only trod by spirits of the wood,
And knows the secrets of the waves and winds!
Me—as the seraphim and cherubim,
Who serve whom they adore, have need of him,
And I of him who sent me—ye will need.
Strength is vouchsafed thee, mother! strength, to cope
With earth and hell; and he, from whom proceed
All perfect gifts, bids thee endure in hope.
Oh, my sweet Irad! I will shew thee all
The wonders of the forest walks; and we
Will hear the sky-invading mountains call
On God, in thunder. Wilt thou hunt with me?
Oft will we chase the deer o'er dazzling snow
Above the clouds; and thou shalt bear my bow.
Last night, methought that I was borne, with thee,
Beyond the gorgeous rainbow, through the cold
Blue air, star-high above a cloudy sea;
When lo, bright waves of glass, with foreheads bold,
Like towers of light, in majesty arose,
Or like earth's mountains, but more vast than those:
Now, mute as mountains in their hoods of snow;

Now, like ten thousand Gihons, crush'd and riven,
And shatter'd into darkness, by one blow
Of deafening fire, from end to end of heav'n.
Oh, do not thou despise the dreams of sleep!
Dreams come from God, and oft have meanings deep.
But know'st thou, boy, that I interpret dreams?
I will interpret mine, when tir'd we lie
On some bare rock, amid the cloudless beams
Of the lone sun, while, midway in the sky,
Forms, such as live in heav'n-sent visions bright,
Are dash'd, at once, from glory into night.
But righteous deeds can wash out crimes; and ye,
The last of Abel's race, are arm'd with power
To wing with gloom, or light, the destin'd hour;
To call down vengeance from the starless sky,
Or quench in joy the wide world's misery."

Inspired, or mad, the fervid wanderer wrought
Faith in his hearers. Zillah wept aloud,
In joy and grief, and marvell'd, when she thought
Of Thamar's dying words. Humbly she bow'd
Her head, in silent prayer; while Timna's face
Was clasp'd to Irad's heart, in friendship's first embrace.

No friendly neighbour, in his sad attire,
Came to see Thamar in his last home laid:

Who sooth'd the children? Who bewail'd the sire?—
All shunn'd the house proscrib'd. But Eber made,
Beneath the loftiest tree that crown'd the steep,
His brother's narrow bed of lasting sleep,
And hallow'd it with curses: low and dread,
He mutter'd threats of vengeance o'er the dead.
No solemn priest the ritual grand intoned;
No mournful bell toll'd far the doom of all;
But o'er his lifeless form Affection moan'd,
And king's might envy Thamar's funeral.
Borne to the grave by all he lov'd in life,
Around him wept, son, daughter, brother, wife!
And Timna rais'd the sweetest voice that e'er
Was heard beneath the azure canopy:—
"Rest, woe-worn man, that knew'st nor crime, nor fear!
Sweet after toil is rest. Thou now art free,
Enfranchis'd slave! Full well thy task is done?—
And yet the fateful work is but begun!"

Then all was silent, save the deep-drawn sigh,
And bursting sob. But soon, strange sounds were heard,
That rous'd the echos; and, approaching nigh,
The sun-bright car of Baalath appear'd,
Drawn by six out-stretch'd steeds, that scorn'd the rein
O'er which th' affrighted driver shriek'd in vain.

Groaning, with shaken forelock, each swift horse
Shot from his eyes the shiver'd light abroad,
Couch'd close his ears, and in his sightless course,
Beat up the thunder from the granite road:
Wild as the foam of Gihon, backward stream'd
The toss of frighted manes: the pale slaves scream'd,
In terror for their lord. All stooping low—
With bloody whip and spur—all follow'd fast;
And power-adoring Jared, hopeless now,
Pursued the fluctuating car, aghast,
Yet resolute with Baalath to die.
The king alone, though not to danger blind,
Sate unappall'd in kingly dignity;
He only worthy seem'd to rule mankind.
Like brandish'd torches, steeds and chariot flash'd,
Like rushing flames, along the rugged path;
And lo, th' unsleeping height, whence Gihon dash'd
From rock to rock, a giant in his wrath!
Still, onward, onward, steeds and chariot blazed;
The mourners started from their woe, and gazed!
But at that moment, from the depth sublime,
A man arose, grey-hair'd, of thoughtful mien;
Grey-hair'd, and yet no pencil-mark of time
On his fresh cheek, or lofty brow, was seen:
He, rising, like the spirit of the flood,
Said to the frantic steeds, "Stand!" and they stood.

Jared again breath'd freely; and all eyes
Look'd on the stranger. There was in his face
Terrible beauty. Something of the skies
Seem'd mix'd up with his clay; a heavenly grace
Aw'd in his action. Young, to every eye,
Yet old he seem'd; as if eternity
Had felt the weight of years; or gloom and light,
Deathless and co-incarnate, mov'd and spoke;
A human presence, with a spirit's might,
That was ere death was, yea, ere morning broke
On lands where life was not, save life that fear'd
Nor shroud, nor worm. As when heaven's fire hath
sear'd
The early verdure of a giant wood,
Thron'd on the mountains; still the living shade
Renews its pride, though smitten: so he stood—
Like placid Jove, in marble undecay'd,
Gazing on time, with death-defying eye,
And throning on his brow divinity.

The king descended from th' arrested car;
The monarch was forgotten in the man;
And, as a friend with friend familiar,
Swift to embrace that form divine, he ran,
And shook his calm preserver by the hand
Then, turning coldly, he resum'd the king,
And, pausing, spoke:—"But if an angel's wing

Had swept us from the abyss, and on the land
Plac'd us in safety, still we could have said
But this—that, everywhere, the royal head
Hath heavenly guardians.—Man! what is thy name?"

Joel. My name is Joel.

Baalath. Well, so let it be.
But not, perchance, the exile!—no?

Joel. The same.

Baalath. No more an exile, then—I pardon thee.
Now ask a boon, and on my royal word,
It shall be thine.

Joel. Let Enoch's flatter'd lord,
For once, hear truth. This is the boon I crave.

Baalath. Who yet e'er lied to Baalath, and wore
His head a fortnight?—The presumptuous slave!—
Well, let us hear, what kings ne'er heard before,
That slaves are grateful.—When? e'en when thou wilt.

He smil'd, and yet his right hand sought the hilt
Of his keen sword. Smiling, he turn'd away,
To hide the rage that shook his inmost soul;
And, while the mourners linger'd yet, to pay
The debt of love and grief, with troubled scowl
Approach'd them, followed by his guards. He stood

Beside the grave; he trembled, and the blood
Rush'd to his heart. "Widow! I come too late,
And yet I came to pardon and to save:
But all men, kings themselves, must bow to fate.
I cannot call thy husband from the grave:
But I would dry thy tears. Behold in me
Thy king and friend: not destitute is she
On whom the royal condescension turns
An eye of favour. With a doubting frown,
Thy son beholds me. In his bosom burns
The spirit that I like. Though born a clown,
Yet if a clown he die, be his the blame.
I will advance him to the height of fame,
Honour and wealth: and Eva shall repair
To Enoch's marble halls: she was not born
To waste her sweetness on the desert air."
Zillah look'd up, but sorrow conquer'd scorn;
She tried to speak, but her lip, quivering, fell.
Then in sweet tones, but deep and terrible,
Timna, like truth denouncing guilt, address'd
Th' astonish'd son of Hamath the severe.
"Thou bane and terror of a land oppress'd!
King by thy sire's successful treason, hear!
Too soon, dost thou forget what causes laid
Methuliel at a subject's feet, betray'd!
That evil comes of evil, multiplied
Still by its increase, till endurance fling

His burden at the feet of tyrant pride,
And vengeance, hallowed by long suffering,
Arraying havock under all the sky,
Woe's dreadful cure is its enormity!
Pleas'd with thy people's bane, thy law of force,
Thou gazest smiling on a realm undone,
And know'st not that thou gazest on a corse,
Whose features swell and redden in the sun,
While the worms' motion, in their hungry strife,
Make an abhorr'd caricature of life.
See, where unseen their loathsome feast they share!
See!—why wilt thou not see, that death is there?
But last of Cain's blind race, thou worse than blind,
Hark! there are whispers in the boding wind!
Thy victims bid me speak their murderer's doom.
Truth, told to thee, shall be to thee a lie,
And falsehood, truth. Friendship and love shal bloom,
Like venomous flow'rs, to thee: thy jaundic'd eye,
Hating their innocence, shall gloat on weeds.
For cherish'd foes shall rule thee, and thy deeds;
And thou on Danger's lap thy rest shalt take,
Till, thunder-stunn'd thou dost awake and gaze
On lightnings that the earth's deep center shake;
Then rush, for very dread, into the blaze,
Dead, with a single shriek! while all who hear
That one wild yell, die also, kill'd by fear."

He spoke ; and Eva swoon'd on Timna's breast,
And Baalath turn'd black with jealous ire ;
Avenging furies, tore his heart unbless'd,
And sear'd his frantic veins with poison'd fire.
Mute stood the guards ; on them a new light broke,
And slumb'ring mischief in their souls awoke ;
While Jared from the scabbard flash'd his sword :
And Timna smil'd, like faith, to die prepar'd ;
But Baalath's commanding nod restor'd
To Jared's thigh the weapon rashly bared.
" Woe's words," he said, " like swords, are blind and sharp :
We ask not music from a broken harp :
Our visit is ill-tim'd." He spoke, and turn'd,
And climb'd his chariot, while his humbled pride
Felt that a despot in his vitals burn'd
Who fear'd not kings. Then down the mountain's side,
And through the glens, with flowers and verdure gay,
Tow'rds Enoch's thousand towers he wound his way,
Beyond the vallies, and their hermit streams :
Far on the mountain girded plain they shone,
Above the smoky ocean, which the beams
Of evening painted. Gihon flow'd alone,
Unseen, beneath the hated curtain deep,

Where deeds were done, " that made the angels
weep,"
While they beheld, in heav'nly sadness bow'd,
That wilderness of homes, that desert of the
crowd.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

To

The Venerable and Benificent

EARL FITZWILLIAM,

The Steward of the Poor,

As a humble tribute of respect and gratitude,

THIS LEGEND OF WHARNCLIFFE

Is Dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

WE have all heard of the Dragon of Wantley: but as I neither believe in dragons, nor intend to become the historian of the prejudices of the human mind, it may be proper to explain, that this tale of *diablerie* (reprinted from "Night," a poem,) originated, many years ago, in a dispute with a friend, who, in reference to a pestilential fever then desolating the country, asserted that the "plague," as a subject for poetry, could not be made poetical, or otherwise than disgusting. Professor Wilson, had not then proved the contrary, by writing his "City of the Plague." Unconvinced, I determined to attempt a practical refutation of my friend's assertion; and the result was "Wharncliffe," "*the ne plus ultra of German horror and bombast.*"—MONTHLY REVIEW.

WHARNCLIFFE.

A LEGEND.

WHERE Don's dark waters bathe the rugged feet
Of billowy mountains—silent, motionless,
As if th' Almighty's hand had still'd and fix'd
The waves of chaos, in their wildest swell—
Night, can'st thou unalarm'd behold the place
Of Striga's dire enchantments? Near those rocks,
(Still call'd the dragon's den,) her husband died;
And yonder, at the broadoak's foot, (the couch
Of doubly sinful loves,) her whisper'd words
Drove from her sister's husband's guilty cheek
The freezing blood. "Murder my wife!" he said;
"Already are we deep, too deep in blood."

"But, Baltha, while she lives, we are not safe,"
Answer'd the murd'ress; "strongly doth thy wife
Suspect us: may her doubts speak audibly;
And murder will have vengeance!—if we please."

" Doure Striga," he replied, " my troubled sleep
Informs against us ! Oh, Guilt hath a tongue
That blabs what he would hide."

Pensive, he said,
And weeping, turn'd to go : but with quick hand,
She seiz'd on his, and fondly chiding, spake :—
" What, not a kiss at parting ? Oh, cold men,
Ye pluck the flower, and lo, it is a weed !
Hoard then thy kisses for Rosmilda's lip,
And print them there, unask'd. Would she, too, knew
The bitterness of unrequited love !"

She said, but he replied not : mournfully
He turn'd away, and went while sighing, she
Follow'd with eye and ear his 'wilder'd steps ;
Then, sternly spake :—" Did the dead die in vain ?
Shall baffled Striga fail ? Shall Striga's guilt
Make Striga's rival bless'd ?—Anathma ! rise !
Star-ruling Striga calls thee. Rise ! appear ! "

A form of blasted majesty, with eyes
As of the lightning dimm'd, not quench'd ; with brow
Dark, but not sad, and lip where scorn with pain
Seem'd to contend in angry pride, arose
Before her. " Mighty mistress, here am I :—
What would'st thou with thy slave ?" the spirit said.

" Give me," she cried, " a charm that shall destroy
The wife of Baltha ;—one of subtlest power,
That no accusing hand may point at me.
Give it me quickly."
" This I cannot do,"
Answer'd the fiend : " shall I call him who can ?
I read thy wish—'tis done ! Retire awhile,
My potent mistress !—Even now, he spreads
Unmeasur'd wings, as horror black ; he shades
The pole with gloom, and casts beneath his flight
Darkness, as when the sun and stars, extinct,
Shall shine no longer on their heav'nly way.
Night veils her eyes, the moon is black with fear,
Ocean looks up, and trembles, and heaves back
His tumult infinite. Like hurrying heav'n,
Deluged with fire, and gloom-o'er-canopied,
Idea-swift, he comes. Retire ! Retire !"

She shrank behind the rock, and darken'd night
Confess'd the presence of the prince of fiends :
Wrath, like a serpent, wrinkled on his brow,
His black lip paled with ire. " And who art thou,
Presumptuous slave !" he cried, " that dar'st to call
Thy master from his sovereignty below ?"

" Know'st thou not me ?" with fearless scorn replied

Anathma: "I am he, who in the rout
Of rebel angels, *fought* when Satan *fled*."

"I may not waste my words on thee," return'd
The haughty fiend. "The purport of thy spell?"

"Thine, and my mistress, can inform thee best,"
Answer'd Anathma, sneering. "Lo, she comes."
And from the stung fiend turning, he was gone.

"Oh, victor!" cried the ruin'd angel, high
Raising his clasped hands, "this is indeed
Damnation! I *do* feel thy conqu'ring hand!
And must Abaddon post o'er land and sea
To do a woman's bidding?—What with me?"

He said, and frown'd on Striga, who stood wan
Beneath him, trembling at her own dread power.

"Reluctant I offend thee," pausing said,
Th' enchantress. "Aid me, for I need thy aid!
Hell we control, but passion masters us.
Can'st thou not bid my hated rival breathe
A pestilential air, that she may die,
And no appalling finger point at me?"

She ended, and th' impatient fiend replied:
"*I* cannot—Hades can. Lo, he is here!"

And with a frown, that, as with palsy, shook
Her every limb, he vanish'd, leaving her
In terror there, but not in loneliness.

She fear'd, and wonder'd; for a stately form,
Faded from grandest, with aurelian wings,
Sun-bright, though blasted, in stern loveliness
Was present, like a dying hero's dream.
"Who art thou?" exclaim'd Striga: "if thou com'st
From heav'n, an angel, wherefore art thou here?"

Then answer'd Hades, "That ask I of thee.
From heav'n I come not—the grave calls me Death:—
Can I assist thee?"
"*Wilt* thou if thou can'st?"
Said Striga. "Bid my rival drink thy breath,
And perish." And all trembling, she retired.

Why gazes Hades on the troubled sky?
"The whirlwind of the motion of a wing
Not less than archangelic, this way comes!"
Fled every star, earth groan'd from all her caves,
And helm'd with gloom, Idona came, and clasp'd
His angel friend. "Do'st thou remember me?"
Ask'd the archangel, "Or hath hell's thick gloom
So dull'd thy sense, that thou see'st nothing here
That once was lov'd?"

" I knew thee, angel, well,"
Answer'd lorn Hades, " but I know not why
A spirit pure should clasp a demon damn'd."

Pensive, replied Idona, " I was once
Pure. From the host rebellious I return'd
Repentant, and found pardon. But thou heard'st,
Ere join'd th' etherial hosts in conflict strange,
My words approv'd; why did'st thou then remain
Disloyal? Heav'n beheld thy unassur'd
Contrition, but with more grief than hope;
And the stern fiat of thy destiny
Condem'd thee to abide in hell, yet not
The lowest there, the servant of his wrath,
When earth offends him;—and heav'n calls thee
Plague."

Then to the angel helm'd with darkness, spake
His brother: " Satan and example sway'd
My judgment: I was faithful only there
Where faith was crime."
" But on thy cheek," replied
Idona, " is the path of burning tears
Remorseful. For contrition there is hope."

" Hope! said'st thou, hope?" exclaim'd the fallen one;
" Never, Idona, never may I greet

That heav'nly stranger. Dwellest *thou* in heav'n ?"
" No," answer'd then Idona; " but where heav'n
Borders on chaos, and dimensionless
Rocks in perennity of gloom repose,
I make perpetual night my dwelling place,
And with the majesty of ruin sit,
Awfully lone. The elements, all dark,
Combat before me ; or, the hand of God
Writes fiery indignation on the deep,
Which seems in fragments wild, a universe ;
Or continent of deflagrated worlds
Array'd in lightning ; or infinitude
Of burning oceans, up in ridges roll'd,
Huger than myriad systems ruin'd. There
I dwell, in horrid solitude, yet not
Heaven's outcast. Sometimes I revisit, calm
Th' eternal throne, and breathe my native air,
Unblam'd, a duteous guest ; for not a sun,
Extinguish'd, ceaseth to illumine space,
But to heaven's silence, sad Idona's voice
Singeth the funeral song of fallen worlds,
While seraphs weep ; for well they know, how once
More bright than suns was he who sings their fall."

" Sublime inhabiter of dissonance !"
Said then pale Hades, " what would'st thou with me ?
Why, King of ruin, hast thou left the storms ?
Is not eternal desolation thine ?

Doth chaos sleep, that hither thou art come,
To seek the gloomy joys of horror here ?"

" To punish Striga, I am here" replied
The dark archangel. " With the fiends invok'd,
Comes her destruction. Do her bidding, thou—
E'en as it is appointed ; but select
No victim. Loose the blast of pestilence,
But guide it not."
" Shall Chance, then be the guide
Of havock ?" said stern Hades.
Unsurpris'd,
Idona answer'd him : " Chance is a word
Meaningless. Teems not this doom'd land with crime ?
It is not chance that makes a woman's guilt
A sinful people's awful punishment."

He spake—and when he ceas'd, the firm rock reel'd
In deeper darkness ; thunder o'er their heads
Roar'd, and was still : then like the distant sound
Of worlds in ruin hurl'd, a voice was heard—
" Plague, wander wild among the homes of men,
And leave the fates to me." Hades fell prone.
" Did'st thou not hear ?" he cried, " Clouds heard, and fled ;
Winds and the thunder heard ; and where are they ?—

Tremendous silence !—Oh, thou palsied earth!
Whose footsteps shook thee ? To my soul dismay'd
Speak, cloudless storm ! and, soundless lightnings, say
What 'tis ye fear ? Was it a dream ?" At once,
Gone were the giant angels. Where they stood
Was loneliness ; no living thing was there ;
But the breeze lifted up the little leaf,
And on the cold rock lay the moon-beam cold.

Two days had pass'd since Striga call'd the fiends,
And the third night was come. Toss'd on her couch,
Like the wave's foam th' enchantress. Did she sleep ?
If that all-troubled slumber was repose,
There may be rest in hell. The lamp's faint beam
O'er her brow trembled darkly, as in fear.
Did conscience speak to her in dreams ? She rose
Shrieking, and wildly rush'd into the gloom.
" Anathma !" she exclaim'd, " Anathma, rise !
Help ! help ! Anathma !—double-dealing fiends !"

The Demon was obedient, and he came :
" What would my potent mistress with her slave ?"
He said and paus'd.
" Oh, listen !" she replied.
" Methought my murder'd husband to my bed
Came and said, ' Rise, most faithful of the chaste !'

He is departed!" and his scornful lip
Smil'd as he vanish'd. Soon he came again
Smiling, and bearing in his hands a bowl,
Which courteously he offer'd to my lips.
'Drink my love, drink!' he said, 'for the last time
We meet: to morrow! and infinitude
Is cast between us.—Lo, thy husband quaffs
To our eternal parting,—pledge me, love!—
'Tis blood—'tis *my* blood—doth it frighten thee?
Thou did'st not fear to shed it—why so pale?
Pledge me, love, pledge me!' Then with quivering lip,
And soundless laugh, he faded slow away.
What may this mean—this warning from the grave?
Who is departed?—Oh, ye flattering fiends,
Much I mistrust ye!—traitor! why that sneer?"

"Be not offended, mistress!" with a smile
Answer'd the calm Anathma. "We obey
Thy bidding. Thou did'st pray for pestilence,
And pestilence was granted to thy prayer.
Is it not well? An hour since, died thy sire;
Thy hoary mother, while I speak, expires;
Thy brothers three, their children, and their wives,
Vanquish'd have wrestled with the mighty one;
Three of thy sisters, and their fourteen sons,
Are—what the mighty Striga soon will be—

Food which the worm may not devour and live.
Is it not well? from ye, as from a fount,
Destruction overflows a sinful land.
Mid thousand deaths, thy relatives are dead—
Dead. Earth is black with funeral, and night
Gleams with death torches—but Rosmilda lives."

He said, and vanish'd; but his long loud laugh
Still echo'd in her soul, when nought was heard
But the vex'd river o'er its bed of stone.

Tow'rds the sad house of Baltha, through the dusk
Then went the scath'd enchantress. Dark it stood,
And all around was mute as coffin'd dust.
Ah, surely death, or death-like sleep was there!
Would she disturb that stillness?—Suddenly,
A low sound, as of many moving feet,
From within murmur'd: her damp hair stood up!
It was a sound more felt than heard; it spake,
And in its indistinctness, without words,
Spake clearly. She stood still. The door unclos'd—
Light issu'd pale. Audibly beat her heart,
Albeit unheard; and in the beam she stood,
Dark as a liar before slander'd truth.
Soon slowly forth was Baltha's coffin borne,
Shoulder'd aloft, with many a torch before;
And many a mourner glooming mute behind,
While sweetly sad the funeral anthem wail'd;

And on the long black coffin there was laid
A little one, a baby's bed of death.
She gaz'd, as looks a traitor on the axe ;
She mov'd not, breath'd not, till the train had pass'd ;
Then sank she, senseless as the headless dead.

What voice, as of a seraph singing, calls
The sorceress from her trance ? She leans half up ;
And lo ! like one new-risen from the dead,
And ready to take wing for heav'n, with face
Wan as the moonlight, in the moonlight cold,
Her eyes uprais'd, her fading lips half-clos'd,
The beauteous maniac, Baltha's widow stands
Beside her, as if listening to the stars.
There is a lovely vision in her soul,
Delicious as the gale of Florida
Which over fragrance, bears the tiny bird,
The feather'd bee, dipp'd in the morning :—aye,
But she is human ; and reality
Shall wake her from that dream to agonize.
Bare is her bosom ; tears are in her eye,
Smiles on her cheek ; her long hair floateth loose ;
And in wild accents, pausing oft, she sings :

" Stern woman, get thee gone !
I dread thine eye of stone ;
For she is calm and dire
Who kill'd my baby's sire.

While many a torch was bright,
They bore him hence in night,
With pomp and wail,
And left me pale.
But still his spirit stay'd with me,
And gently wept and pray'd with me:
Oh, still he hovers near!
Oh, more than ever dear,
My false love now is true!
Still, still his manly form I see,
His white wings gemm'd with dew;
Again he fondly turns to me
His eyes of fondest blue.
Oh, bend, and let me kiss
That lip, which still is mine!
Take this, my love, and this;
Take this—but leave me thine;
Nor turn thy looks of love away
For many a day.
The frown returns not to his brow;
Oh, still his voice is soft and low!
I've view'd that brow with fear;
That voice in wrath, oft made me groan;
But now I weep to hear
Its gentle tone.
I've wish'd I'd ne'er been born,
But kindness conquers scorn.
Sweet after night, is morn;

The bright bow after rain;
Sweet, after winter, is the thorn
That sweetly blooms again;
I've wish'd that I had ne'er been born,
But sweet is kindness after scorn.
Snatch'd Striga's demon-shriek
My baby from my sight?
My beauteous boy, with red round cheek,
And locks of cluster'd light!
Far be my sister's love from me!
It withers mine and me!
A sister ruin'd me!
But what, stern lady, do'st thou here?
Oh, get thee gone!
Thine eyes that never shed a tear,
I dread thine eyes of stone;
For she, who kill'd my baby's sire,
Is calm and dire."

The sorceress groan'd, and slowly, slowly rose;
Then tried to kiss her sister's hand; but she
Snatch'd it away, as from a viper's lip.
"Alas!" said Striga, "there is now no cause.
Know'st thou, then, me? beautiful maniac, no.
Oh, envied wretch! would I were as thou art!
Come to me, madness! thou whose tears are balm!
Come to me, happy dreamer, with thy tales
That bless while they delude!—Thou will not come;

Thou *wilt* not, but death *shall.*" Forth then she drew
A dagger keen, and smil'd. But, with a shriek,
Convuls'd, away she started: from her hand
The dagger dropp'd: "Mercy!" she cried; and gaz'd,
All trembling, on the weapon at her feet.
Whence that unwonted cowardice? Why shrank
From death desir'd, a heart unus'd to fear?
Even when the giant angels from the rock
Fled, she was smitten, though she knew it not;
And therefore did Rosmilda look on her,
As on a stranger's mien, so chang'd she was!
The breath of pestilence then seiz'd in might
Her shudd'ring vitals. Now, her dull eye flash'd
With sudden fire; her lips assum'd the hue
Of sulphur flames; and darkness on her cheek
Devour'd the pallid horror greedily.
In grim convulsions, terribly transform'd,
She strove, or thought she strove, with worse than pain.
Three spectre cannibals seem'd to contend
Which should devour her; and from each, by turns,
She seem'd to snatch her mangled limbs, and bleed.

"What ails she?" cried the maniac. "Does she dance?
Why does she dance? Lolls she her tongue at me?

She laughs, or hisses. Laughs she?—If she laughs,
Her laugh is ugly.—Do not bite thy tongue;
'Tis not becoming.—How her quivering lips
Foam! and the blood starts from her staring eyes!
Will her cheeks burst? Black!—Stranger! is it thou?
Where is she?—Oh, what foul and horrid thing
Lies where she lay! it moves not, it is black."

The maniac, in disgust, withdrew; and nought
Remain'd of Striga. but a shapeless mass,
Putrid, appaling, venomous, and grey.

Night! thou art silent, thou art beautiful,
Thou art majestic; and thy brightest moon,
Rides high in heav'n, while on the stream below,
Her image, glimmering as the waters glide,
Floats at the feet of Boulter. There no more
The green graves of the pestilence are seen;
O'er them the plough hath pass'd; and harvests wave
Where haste and horror flung th' infectious corse.
Grey Wharncliffe's rocks remain, still to outlive
Myriad successions of th' autumnal leaf.
But where are now their terrors? Striga's form
Of largest beauty, wanders here no more;
No more her deep and mellow voice awakes
The echoes of the forest: and a tale
Of fear and wonder serves but to constrain,
Around the fire of some far moorland farm,

The speechless circle—while th' importunate storm
O'er the bow'd roof growls with a demon's voice.
The poacher whistles in the dragon's den;
Nor fiend, nor witch fears he. With felon foot,
He haunts the wizard wave, and makes the rock
Where spirits walk'd, his solitary seat.
The unsleeping gale moves his dark curls; the moon
Looks on his wild face. At his feet, his dog
Watches his eye; and, while no sound is heard,
Save of the booming Don, or startled twig
Of plumy fern, he listens fixedly,
But not in fear. At once he bounds away;
And the snar'd hare shrieks, quivers—all is still.

So, Wharncliffe of the demons, ends our tale.

NOTES

TO THE CORN LAW RHYMES.

Hopeless trader! answer me,
What hath Bread-tax done for thee?—(1)

WHY does not the country shopkeeper oppose the Corn Law?—Because he supposes that he recovers from the farmers what the bread-tax costs him. He is mistaken; for *if* the farmers buy his goods, they pay for them *with his own money*, wrung from him, and *from his other customers*, in the price of bread.

Why do not the master manufacturers oppose the Corn Law?—Because they suppose that they can extort from their workmen, in lowered wages, what the bread-tax takes from their profits. Well, if they cannot find patriotism in their cold hearts, they will find it in due time at the bottom of an empty pocket.

Why do not our merchants oppose the Corn Law, the effect of which is, to reduce the rate of profit on *all* British capital, skill and labour?—Alas, we have no merchants! The Corn Law has transformed them into a sort of pedlars, or shabby brokers. When a foreigner enquires for an English merchant, he is shewn some fifty-pound upstart, dressed like a dandy, but poorer than a Polish Jew, who, with the looks of a wolf, the

cunning of a cat, and the airs of a bashaw, plays three characters at once—thief, half-beggar, and satrap.

Why do not the fundholders, to a man, oppose the Corn Law?—I know not—but their property will be the very next great lump which the bread-tax eaters will swallow.

Why does not the Church oppose the Corn Law?—She can gain nothing by it, for her lands are all underlet; and certainly the landlords, when they have digested the fundholders, will eat her too.

Why do not the farmers oppose the Corn Law?—Because they conceive that they derive an advantage from it, in the price of corn. They are mistaken. The competition for farms, of which it is the cause, will ruin every man of them. Unhappily, the landlords will be the last devoured—but then, they will have the satisfaction of being eaten raw and alive.

Every man who dreads dangerous turn-outs of workmen, should oppose the Corn Law, for it is the great cause of such turn-outs: and before he blame the workmen, he should compare their conduct with that of the landlords. The workmen try to get higher wages, generally by legal means; the landlords *make a law*, by which they obtain their unfair price.

Every friend of agricultural improvement should oppose the Corn Law; for so long as the agriculturists can secure a forced price, they will make no efforts to improve their art.

Every man who would not welcome revolution, should oppose the Corn Law, or it will revolutionize the kingdom long before a reform can be effected.

Every advocate of reform should oppose the Corn Law, for it is the tax-shield of his enemies; deprive them of

that shield, and they must become reformers themselves or sink beneath the consequence of their misdeeds—taxation.

Whoever does not oppose the Corn Law, is a patron of want, national immorality, bankruptcy, child-murder, incendiary fires, midnight assassination, and anarchy. Therefore, every supposed moral or religious man—every schoolmaster—every teacher of religion especially—should oppose the Corn Law; or he cannot possibly be either moral or religious, and the devil would be more fit to be a teacher than he.

Why the little landed proprietors near large towns do not oppose the Corn Law, I never could imagine; for their land is *commercial* land; and the tenant who pays one shilling per week more than he ought for bread, would be able to pay fifty-two shillings per annum more rent, if he could obtain his bread at a fair price. But the Corn Law ought to be supported by every wretch who would grieve to see this country carry her burden as if it were only a rain-drop on the eagle's wing; by every miscreant who would rejoice to see our mechanics labouring fifteen hours for eight-pence, and eating potatoes at thirty-pence per stone; while capital was quitting the island in all directions, never to return, except in a hostile shape. Every man-devil who loves evil for its own sake, and says to the demon within him, "Be thou my good," ought to support the Corn Law; for the consequences of that law are of an infernal nature, unaccompanied by good in any way. While it exists, no reduction of taxation,—no, not the extinction of all other taxes,—could be of any ultimate benefit to the people; for it would either destroy a sum equa in

mount to the taxes repealed, or transfer that amount to the landlords, in raised rents and prices of corn. In fact, it was intended by its authors to transfer the wealth of the nation to themselves; but it destroys far more than it transfers, as they will yet find to their cost; and every man who is bribed by it, wants but a Goethe to be recognized as a Faust. It compels us to exchange our skill and labour for the produce of barren soils, and makes such soils the measure of our profits; reducing, as it were, the capabilities of fertile and mighty England, by the scale of barren and feeble Sweden. How fast soever the competitors for bread may increase in number, no increase is allowed in the bread for which they compete; consequently, we must every day give more and more capital, skill, and labour, for less and less food; the saws which, in July last, sold for £40, will only sell for £30 in July next; the clerk who last year received a salary of £100, will be grudgingly paid £80 next year; and the shopkeeper, whose profits are £150, must be satisfied with two-thirds of that sum one year hence. In comfort, morals, science, we are inferior to our rivals; our manhood is more feeble than their infancy. The political machine will soon want power to overcome even its own friction; and, deprived alike of individual prosperity and national strength, we shall become the prey of anarchy, and fall before the first invader. If the winds, and the tides, and the earth in her annual and diurnal motion, were arrested, who dares contemplate the result? Yet the Corn Law is arresting the winds, and the tides; unteaching the uses of navigation as if there had never been a Christopher Colon; and *literally* compelling the stars in their course to fight

against England. Her old age and decrepitude—an old age without dignity, and a decrepitude without commiseration—are anticipated, a thousand years before their time, by act of parliament. Hear, O Czar, and knout already, in imagination, thy province of Thule!

"Make haste, slow rogues! prohibit trade."—(2.)

The *Westminster Review* has removed all mystery, from the subject of the Corn Law. But it cannot be made too plain. Let us compare bread-taxed England with a ship, the crew of which, consisting of men women, and children, eat lettuce grown on the deck of the vessel. Let us suppose that no more lettuce can be grown on the deck than is barely sufficient to feed the present crew. Let us then suppose that another child is born, the mother of which addresses the captain in these words:—"Sir, the people on the opposite shore grow lettuce, and eat fish, which we cannot eat. Let me exchange with them—fish for lettuce; and the crew will no longer regard my child with black looks." "I will take your fish," cries the captain. "Sir," answers the mother, "I know that you will *take* my fish, but you will not give me any more lettuce than before, for you have no more to give; you *can* have no more; you can grow no more on these decks" "You be d—d! Throw her overboard," roars the captain. Now, this throwing overboard, will be the very next thing proposed, namely, an emigration-tax, or law compelling the British people to breed white slaves for exportation. If it pass, it will furnish to all future ages a true picture of the miscreancy of these realms; for the effect will be

precisely that which would have taken place in the Black Hole of Calcutta, had the tyrant who confined our countrymen in that dungeon, released a few of them from time to time, merely to prolong the sufferings of the remainder.

When our unfortunate countrymen were confined in the Black Hole of Calcutta, they complained of intense thirst, and the prison resounded with cries of "Water, water." Water was given them, but it increased their sufferings; for the thing wanted was not water, but air. Behold an exact picture of bread-taxed England! We are suffering under the effects of *caged* competition, already wrought up to agony. Some of the victims demand "one-pound notes!" others require "ten-shilling guineas!" and others—the incurably mad, propose that more bolts shall be placed on the prison door. But the thing wanted is "bread," in exchange for cottons, woollens, and hardware; and no other thing can supply the want of that one thing, any more than water could supply the want of air in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

"A helmless wreck, a famine-frantic crew."—(3.)

Good sometimes results from evil. The French restrictive system, the fatal legacy of Napoleon to the Bourbons, who only knew how to imitate his faults, has given freedom to Europe. In one instance, it beggared three millions of vine growers, merely to force the prosperity of 212 ironmasters, who nevertheless are ruined to a man. When the King set the nation at defiance, the manufacturers were glad of a pretence for discharging their profitless men, and the unemployed artisans of Paris overthrew the government.

If that mathematical education which is taught at one of our universities be worth what we are told it is, the clergy could not better employ their leisure than in seeking data on which to calculate in how many years or months the Corn Law will revolutionize this country. The following letter on the subject appeared in the *Sheffield Independent* of the 25th of September, 1830:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT.

"SIR,—I learn from the *Independent* of Saturday last, that at Hull alone, there have lately been entered from bond, for home consumption, 98,000 quarters of wheat. It is well known, that about eighteen-twentieths of the corn imported into England are sold for the account of foreign merchants; but it is known to too few, that by eighteen-twentieths of the above 98,000 quarters of wheat—supposing it to have been sold at 70s. per quarter,—the British public sustain a loss of £82,470, namely, 17s. per quarter actually *given* to the foreign merchant or grower; besides 1s. per quarter duty paid into the British exchequer; and that the above loss of £82,470, on eighteen-twentieths of 98,000 quarters of foreign wheat, sold to the British consumer at 70s. per quarter, is a loss utterly unredeemed in any way,—benefiting neither man, woman, nor child in this country, of whatever rank or condition, whether palaced pauper, honest pauper, or unfortunate feeder of both, but as completely lost, as if the money had been thrown into the sea. I will endeavour to demonstrate these facts:—

"It is in evidence that the remunerating price of foreign wheat at Hull is about 50s. per quarter, and that 2s. per quarter more will allow the foreign merchant a handsome

profit. Now, if the people of England were allowed to purchase foreign corn without duty or restriction, they would buy it when cheapest. But as 17 multiplied by 4 is only 68, it follows that the foreign merchant or grower, by determining not to sell until the price in England is 70s. per quarter, can afford to loose one cargo in four; and I think it follows, that rather than sell at the high duties he will suffer his corn to rot in our warehouses. Let us state a case. We will suppose that Shultz, of Hamburgh, consigns to Wreaks, of Hull, 1,000 quarters of wheat for sale, when the duty in this country shall be 1s. per quarter. The agent obeys, and after deducting his expenses, and 10s. per cent. commission, remits the balance to his employer. The result will be as follows. The British public will lose by the 1,000 quarters of wheat £855, for they will have given £3,500 for goods which are only worth £2,645; but £50 duty will have been paid to our Government—and the Hull merchant will have gained £4. 5s. 6d. commission. —So much for profit and loss.

> "These are your wondrous deeds, kinglings of Gatton!
> Yourselves how wondrous then!"

Behold, and, if you can, blush!—But if we must be cursed with the most impolitic of all taxes, a bread tax —why not at once impose a fixed duty of eighteen shillings per quarter on foreign wheat, importable at all times; a duty, no part of which would go into the pockets of foreign merchants or growers, but the whole into our own treasury, at the same time preventing, or misplacing some other tax to an equal amount?

The loss proved above on the transactions supposed,

is about 34 per cent.; but such losses are the very least of the evils inflicted on the people of this country by the Corn Laws. Let it be remembered, however, that all which is destroyed by those laws increase the cost of production here, and is consequently a premium paid by us to our rivals. But the most deadly power armed against us by the Corn Laws, is that which a merchant might call *the reaction of discount;* I mean the result of substracting a sum which has a certain tendency to increase, from a sum which is constantly decreasing. If the 34 per cent. loss were suffered to remain as capital in the hands of the British people, there would be in twelve months a profit of at least 10 per cent. upon it and if £5 are ten per cent. upon £50, I need not tell you that they are more than ten per cent. upon £40. But what is the per centage of reaction of discount upon ten per cent. added to thirty-four per cent? Let your loyal ass, Mr. Editor, discount the remaining £56 of the hundred, and if stone-blind he may see with his ears, or if more than stone-stupid, be instructed by his manager. Yes, it is this deadly power, this reaction of discount, this constant substraction of the increasing sum from the lessening one, that, always at work, and always working the wrong way, must 'ere long make itself tremendously felt. If the patron of all evil, the father of all lies, wished to overthrow the British empire, he could not find or invent means better suited to his purpose than the present Corn Laws, which do mischief in every way, and good in none. We are destroyed by a power tenfold more ruinous than that of compound interest on a borrowed capital employed in the cultivation of a profitless farm. The thing may go

on as other losing concerns do, so long as persons can be found to pay the loss, and no longer. The most horrible of revolutions, recorded or conceivable, is coming as one that travelleth. In the meantime, what are our absolutists,—*alias* Waterlooists, *alias* Peterlooists, *alias* Bourbonists, *alias* Ferdinandists, *alias* Miguelites, doing? They are shaking their clenched fists in the faces of Eternal Wisdom, and crying "Thou fool!" But instead of insuring their own destruction, by waging war on nature, instead of listening to the ravings of the Duke of Newcastle's Sadler—if they would save their estates, and avoid the necessity of breaking stones on the highways for a subsistence, let them, while there is yet time, *if* there is yet time, imitate the Parliamentary conduct of Lord Milton, *whose words are things*, and but for whose efforts in opposition to the wool tax, England would not at this moment have been able to sell without loss in any foreign country, *a single yard of woollen cloth.*

Why are persons who boast of their ignorance, and who really are a century behind the people of England in knowledge, suffered to make laws? Because the people of England are not yet so enlightened as they ought to be. For if farmers knew that it is the Corn Law which is destroying their capital—if merchants knew that it is the Corn Law which is annihilating their profits —if manufacturers knew that it is the Corn Law which stimulates the battle of fifty dogs for one bone—if shopkeepers knew that it is the Corn Law which beggars them, by beggaring their customers,—surely, I say, the plundered labourers of England would not alone be heard to curse the most revolutionary of enactments.

Our weapon is the whip of words,
And truth's all-teaching ire.—(4.)

Why are the peasantry discontented? Because the bread-tax takes sixpence out of the labourer's shilling. "Oh, but we must cultivate the high moors, then all will be well!" That is to say, a further reduction must take place in the wages of labour! Yet with such fallacies as these are the people of England duped by their oppressors, who argue the question of cultivating waste lands, as if there were good land remaining uncultivated! We might as well expect to become rich by burning our property, as by wasting it in cultivating lands which will not pay for cultivation; and if we were actually to destroy our property to the amount of twenty millions annually, we should neither act so wickedly nor so ruinously as the landlords do, in forcing the cultivation of inferior soils; for while they raise rents, they lower wages, by diminishing the profits out of which wages are paid; and not only do they destroy more than twenty millions annually, but what they destroy is not their own! When do they propose to refund what they have extorted from us?

How God speeds the tax-bribed plough,
Fen and moor declare, man.—(5.)

I complain not that the plough is driven where the poor man's cow was fed, but that the plough which is driven over the poor man's land, is the rich man's plough.

Who would be an useful man?
Who make boiler, or mend pan?—(6.)

A townsman of mine—a more warm-hearted and independent individual exists not,—having objected to me, that the Corn Law, as a direct tax, is utterly inadequate to produce the effects which I predict from it, I will state one or two of its direct consequences, as a tax on British industry, skill, and capital. Its effects on the rate of exchange is equal to ten per cent. on our exports to the United States of America,—say ten per cent. on fifteen millions annually; for if corn could be imported without restriction, bills at par, representing shipments of corn to England, might always be had in the market; or, if not, the agents of our merchants could and would remit at once, in grain or flour, with a saving to the British public of *one million five hundred thousand pounds a year.* Superficial reasoners are not aware, that under the present amended Corn Laws, the lower the duty the greater is the loss sustained by the consumer. This is easily proved. The law ordains that we shall not eat foreign wheat, until the price, in England, is 70s. per quarter; the foreigner, therefore, bonds his corn, waits till the price is sufficiently high, then sells for 70s. what cost him 50s. paying a duty of 1s., and pocketing a profit of 19s. per quarter. In this way the British people sustain a further loss by the Corn Laws of no less than *one million five hundred thousand pounds yearly.* If the trade in corn were entirely free, bread, in the opinion of the friend I alluded to, would be nearly as dear as at present. Perhaps so; but as one of two things would necessarily result from a free trade in corn —namely, a rise in wages, or a fall in the price of provisions, I will not contest this point with him. Luckily, we can ascertain, by a short process, what is the amount

which, in the opinion of the landlords, the Corn Laws, as a tax, cost the British community. These worthies are esteemed pretty keen-sighted as to their own immediate interests; and as they have rejected a fixed duty of 12s. per quarter, I think I am justified in concluding that in their estimation the present Corn Laws are worth still more to them. Now, 12s. per quarter on fifty millions of quarters of corn annually consumed in Great Britain and Ireland, are equal to a tax of *thirty millions sterling a year*. That this amount is by no means overstated, is evident from the official accounts laid before the House of Commons, which shew that the average price of wheat, in England, for the ten years ending in 1825, amounted to 67s. per quarter—say, a tax of 17s. per quarter—every shilling of which is equal to two millions five hundred thousand pounds laid directly on corn. Here then, in three items only, is an amount of direct taxation resulting from the Corn Laws, which would nearly pay the poor rates, and the interest of the national debt! My townsman is aware, of course, that if the Corn Laws raise the price of bread, they also raise, in the same ratio, the price of beef, mutton, butter, milk, bacon, and vegetables; and I think I could demonstrate, that frightful as are the direct effects of those laws, their indirect effects in restraining our trade, establishing our rivals, and destroying capital here, or driving it hence, are still more important and deplorable. But the worst fact of the case remains to be stated—namely, that the landed worthies do not pocket more than seven or eight of the thirty or forty millions which the Corn Laws annually cost this country; four-fifths of the whole being destroyed, and as com-

pletely lost to every man, woman, and child in England, as if thrown into the ocean. Was it Dibdin, who called Patience "a white-eared cherub?" The patience of John Bull is indeed *white-eared*, and his wisdom of the same valiant complexion. But we have occasion for patience, if as the monopolists pretend, emigration is the only remedy for our embarrassment; for, if it is so, our case is utterly hopeless: capital can only remain here to be destroyed; the *capitalists will be the emigrants!* and neither the benevolence of the SADLERS, nor the philosophy of plunder and famine, has condescended to inform us how the destitute are to pay for their own expatriation. I may not be able to convince the landlords, but I have convinced myself, that in the year 1831, the Corn Laws will cost this country one hundred millions sterling, or about three times the rental of all the lands of the kingdom, and that they are acting with the accumulating power of compound interest. Who would be an useful man? Who would be a prudent man? Who would not be a madman, and attempt to stop the down-hill roll of headlong aristocracy?

> Doubly tax wheat, hemp, and flax!
> Tax Wool!—(7.)

Noodle, did'st thou ever read the history of the wool-tax? It is shorter than thy ears, and yet I doubt whether we shall ever see the end of it. When the bread-tax was inflicted as a tribute on that vanquished people who conquered at Waterloo, the agriculturists of the countries near the Baltic, no longer allowed to exchange their wheat for cloth in England, converted their arable land into sheep-walks. The lords Shallow, with

the aid of the Messrs. Shark and Co., then laid a tax on foreign wool, the growers of which neccssarily became manufacturers of cloth. They now undersell us in every market, not excepting our own; for, although by the exertions of Lord Milton, the wool tax was repealed, the consequences remain. Yet, ever and anon, the lords Shallow aforesaid, tired of growling, whimper for a wool-tax! After pauperizing the kingdom from sea to sea, what more would they have? An inscrutable Providence may permit them to wage war on nature a little longer; but do they expect, that, in the end, they will he able to dethrone the Almighty? Who will improve machinery, if the whole benefit of the improvement is to be reaped by a set of "sneering," "idle," "legislatorial" "annuitants" and rascals? Who will invent a new machine, if the profit of it is to be swallowed, and after a few years, the machine itself, with all its advantages, and the trade to which it belongs, transferred to their especial favourites, our foreign rivals, by a set of sneering, idle, territorial "scoundrels?" If our "sturdy beggars" dislike these terms, why do they use such? They are the mildest terms I can find in Blackwood, where they are applied, not to a gang of "hellish wretches," but to the most useful men in the empire; and if this book reach a fourth edition, I will append to it a list of some of the beautiful epithets with which the advocates of the tax-eaters reward the plundered people for their base submission to an outrage which ought long ago to have pared the claws, drawn the teeth, and thinned the sides of every feudal monster (this term is not in Blackwood,) prowling between Calais and New York. Oh Lord! how long?

Whip him, oh Lord, with want and woe!
Lord, teach him what his victims know!—(8.)

It was a maxim of the Roman Law, that persons who would not hold their property without injury to the public should not be allowed to retain it. *Now this law of the Romans is also a law of nature.* Inevitably, then, and in the nature of things, if the landlords will not resign their bread-tax, they must lose their estates —not by spoilation, nor *merely* of right and justice, but *necessarily.* I do not say, that because—through their legislative usurpation, and by means of their bread-tax —they have destroyed more British capital in seventeen years, than would pay off the national debt, their estates ought, therefore, to be applied to the redemption of that debt, and for the exoneration of our descendants from taxes for ever;—*these truths are self-evident, and need no stating;*—but I speak of the inevitable: I say, that if the landlords persevere, they must, of necessity, lose their estates. Inclosure of waste lands are premiums offered to poverty for their destruction; and every diabolical addition to their enormous wealth, by means of such premiums to misery, is only like an additional dram swallowed by a hideous drunkard, producing a further enlargement of the magisterial liver, and another splendid pimple on the aristocratical nose. If they were not stone-blind to consequences, they would shrink with horror from the delusive "protection," to which they cling with the desperation of a sot to brandy. Where is that protection to be found? The workhouse knows it not; the trade which they have ruined knows it not; the pocket of the rate-payer knows it not; the whip, and the dungeon, have not been able to torture it into

existence; the scaffold labours for it in vain; while Famine cries, " If it be food, let me devour it!" Time hath not seen it, in his long journey; but Destruction says, " *I* have heard the name thereof; it cometh, and will come, the POVERTY *that shall instruct them* "

NOTES

TO THE RANTER.

1. This baneful corporation may have reclaimed half a dozen drunkards; but it is a dear police, if, for every brawl prevented, it has made fifty thousand worse than Spanish serviles. Certainly the most zealous ally of tyranny in England is Old Methodism, sometimes called New Popery. But the fall of this corrupt power will be as signal as its rise, and more rapid. Even as a fashion, it is everywhere on the decline, with the great vulgar and the small, its only votaries—*dealers* excepted, and women of both sexes. Great as is the skill with which its Grand Masters use the petticoats to subvert the breeches; deadly as is the cunning with which the modern Loyolas seek the conservation of wrongs in the holy name of Jesus; they will soon have no apology but the Johannaites, and no hope but in a junction with them—unless there be truth in the report that *the poor fishermen* have five millions in the three per cents. Though dismal their Reign of Terror, and long-armed their Holy Inquisition, they must condescend to learn and teach what

is useful, or go where all nuisances go. The conjurer is gone already; the quack doctor, and the quack parson remain.

2. On this 1st December, 1830, the people of Sheffield meet to petition for Reform in Parliament. Where are the Saints? Will they attend! Oh, fie! No. But, I trust we shall have the benefit of their prayers, and then we may expect a Reform after their own hearts—old abuses, under a worse cover; as if the devil, for a hoax, were to cloak himself in the *patriotism* of the Methodist Conference. Let them pray fervently; for who knows what Reform may bring? Who knows but the accursed drama may be made a state engine, for the gratuitous education of the people in politics and morals? Heaven forefend, that the chapels of the fanatics should be converted into theatres of amusement and instruction.

3. It is a horrible fact, that not one petition for peace emanated from the great body of religionists in England, during twenty-five years of war against the laws of God, and the rights of man. Of the fruits of that warfare, what remain? The Bread tax!—the great Unpaid!—debt of eight hundred millions!—and Russia master of Europe!

4. Posterity will scarcely believe, that a nation which calls itself the most religious and enlightened on earth, has endured for seventeen years a law, which sacrifices the interests of all the productive classes to the rapacity of a few haughty drones, who invent no gunpowder, improve no machinery, and run no risk, but of setting fire to every thing in the country, except the Thames. Have our holy men objected to this law? They never heard of it. It will be time enough for solemn triflers to ask

what are the causes of distress in England, when the corn bill is written in blood and fire over every parish. While millions of Hindoos died of famine, the Clives and Clivelings of splendid Calcutta could not believe that there was distress in India. But we are not Hindoos; we may die, but not by millions. While our Missionaries are sent to the Ganges, Ireland sends her's to the Ouse and the Waveny; and dreadful are the mysteries which her wrongs have taught them to teach. Oh, but we must exert ourselves! And why must we exert onrselves, if increase of profits will not buy an inerease of bread? To seek substitutes for bread were equally idle. There is no escape. If, rather than pay the price of wheat for potatoes, we resolve to eat salt and sand, the monopolists will tax the desert, and lay an interdict on Sahara.

5. If the patrous of Missionaries would know what their deeds are worth, they have only to contrast the past with the present state of Otaheite. That island, when first discovered had a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, living in ease, now reduced to less than twenty thousand, living in misery, and driven to church by the cudgel. The persons who furnish funds for such cudgeling, while the people of England are dying of famine, *may* be the salt of the earth; but the hour cometh when God, through the million voices of the starving, will put to them this tremendous question. What did ye with the lent talent?

6. In that happy commercial country, where the law for recovering a debt of ten pounds signifies the loss of a hundred, the expression of countenance here alluded to might be termed national—if the *tabooed* and their imitators constitute the nation. At once hideous and

peculiar, it is neither a grin, nor a frown, nor a sneer. It is not bravado—it is not calmness. If it resemble Turkish ferocity, it does not resemble Turkish dignity. It is a compound of the confident official air of the hangman placing the knot, and the dogged yet apprehensive look of the butcher, who has stolen the calf which he pushes with one hand, while he grasps his knife in the other. The foreigner who, for the first time, sees a newly arrived bread-tax-eater, has seen the "Corn-law-scowl;" he beholds it with surprise, disgust, and scorn: but the poor Englishman, when the *horrid thing* approaches him, instinctively thrusts his hands into his breeches pocket, and with an indescribable mixture of shrug and bow, drops his under jaw, as if he expected a thief in the constable.

7. If a thousand square miles of fertile land could drop from the moon, and become a part of this island, they would furnish a temporary remedy for some of the evils under which we labour; but a free trade in corn would be a remedy at once effectual and lasting, it would make all the fertile land in the world gradually available to us as profit and wages.

8. If Sunday were in the market, the bread-tax-eaters would buy it; but they would not (for they could not, if we are to be bread-taxed,) give us more bread for seven days' labour, than we now obtain for six.

9. I am sorry to offend our *honourable men;* but the vast importance of my object must plead my excuse. Errors in agricultural legislation are soon remedied, because, in a fully-peopled country, where the productions of the land pay a reserved profit in the shape of rent, over and above the fair profit of capital, such

errors come speedily home to the landlord, who is the legislator. But if the consumer refuse to pay the tax on the manufacturer's productions, that tax may go on, like the bread tax, until manufacturers and uations are ruined. But for enormous errors of this sort, Charles the Tenth of France would not have lost his throne. The Bourbons might have played the tyrant, had they not played the ignoramus I sometimes dare to hope that the horrible Corn Law is thus destined to abate the landed nuisance here. It is a tax which must come to an end; but Robert Shallow, Esq. acts as if he thought it would last for ever. Let him continue so to act, until he cease to be measured *by the shadow he casts*. But if it is *written* that capital and skill shall no longer find profitable employment here, we happily know that liberal institutions are spreading over the Continent, and that the Channel is neither impassable, nor three thousand miles wide. There is an America in Europe, which any useful man who pleases may reach in a few hours, leaving his ice-hearted oppressors to settle the account with the mortgagees, and the two many-bellied monsters, "Nothing-to-do," and "Nothing-to eat," who will ask them whether they, or God, created the land, and whether it was intended to be a blessing or a curse!

The partisans of the present ministers are already opening their batteries in favour of the Landlords. In the leading article of the New Monthly Magazine we are told, that land pays only $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. But so long as the Corn Law continues, it is impossible to ascertain whether land pays $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 20 per cent. Every man, however may state the facts of the case, as far as he knows them. I know an estate which, thirty years ago, sold

for £500 : the rent is now fifty pounds per annum, or 10 per cent. upon the cost price.—Instead of asking what this estate would sell for, let us contrast the fortunes of the owner, with those of his neighbour, the patient, long-eared iron master. The capital of the latter is reduced from £100,000 to £10,000, and he would be glad to receive $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon the reduced sum. Yet he maintains scores of families, while the unproductive, complaining landowner, without risk, and without exertion, is obtaining about forty times his profits. Oh, this is but one instance, we shall be told ! There are thousands of such instances, and those which differ from it are exceptions to the rule.

ERRATA.

Page 16, line 25, *for* that, *read* what.
" 86, " 23, " Storm, " worm.
" 117, " 23, " Strike, stave, " strike, tawdry slaves.
" 98, " 22, " The whole line:—

" And almost bursts with British pride."

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